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DISCORDER

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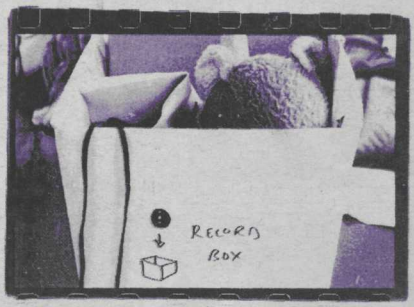

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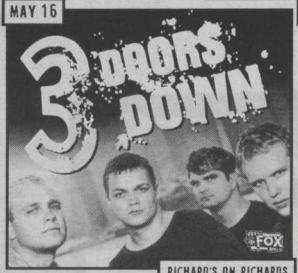

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2 may 2000

DiSCORDER

ISSUE 206 • MAY 2000 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CiTR 101.9FM

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editrix:
barbara andersen
ad rep:
julian manyoni
amsterdam:
(maren hancock)
art director:
jenny watson
production manager:
christa min
art and design:
jenny, chad christie, tristan winch
photography and illustrations: casey b, bleek, barb choit, val cormier, jason da silva, ann goncalves, lori kiessling
production:
bleek, nicholas bradley, howie choy, julie colero, jason da silva, erin empey, jeff helm, mike hill, janet, doretta lau, cat moore, tobias van veen, brian wiebe
contributors: tania a, bleek, chris-a-riffic, chris c, howie c, julie c, val c, bryce d, anna f, jamaal f, robin f, adam h, samuel k, godfrey l, christa m, penelope m, sam m, janis mck, anthony s, queer noise, tesla v, nat x
on the dial:
anna friz
charts:
julie colero
datebook:
barbara/christa
distribution:
matt steffich
us distro:
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publisher:
linda scholten

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LORI KIESSLING DECIDED TO FEED MY (COMMERCIALLY UNVIABLE) LOVE OF ABSTRACT, NON-CONTEXTUAL COVERS WITH HER SPLENDID PHOTOS OF "STUFF." THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BEING ELECTROCUTED NINETY TIMES A DAY BY THE FURNITURE IN YOUR OWN OFFICE THAT JUST MAKES NICE BLURRY PURPLE PICTURES OF BOXES AND TEDDY BEARS AND BOYS FEEL LIKE THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

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Radio Interview

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Nude, Drunken Scotsman Descending from a Hairpiece

Amy's Rocks

***DiSCORDER*: Who are you and where are you from?**
I'm Shecky Green's niece and I've just come from a grueling 7-hour hypnotherapy session where they tried unsuccessfully to convince me that I'm Roddy Fraser, part of the one-man act called Nude, Drunken Scotsman Descending a Hairpiece, which specializes in songs about suicide, despair, disillusionment, tuberculosis and agony, all with a good disco backbeat. Or I might change the name to Fergie Featuring Roddy Fraser.

Here's your chance to speak your piece in a public forum. A) What was it like to be kicked off stage at a gig that you put on? B) How do you deal with your feelings when you know you will be seeing those people at future shows? C) Did it make you want to quit music? D) Are there any reasons that make you feel that maybe you deserved to be kicked off?
A) Well, it helped me realize that my feelings of persecution and paranoia were right all along, but I also think it showed the impeccable taste and judgement of the audience. B) If I see them again I'll give them *such* a look. C) Yes, along with having no fame or money. D) No. Apart from being a few octaves off key, I feel my performance was superb.

What's the story behind Procrastifarian Records? Is anything to be released soon or will you procrastinate forever?
There's a compilation that's going to be released soon. We're still looking for a couple more weird acts to stick on it. If you feel your music could induce vomiting in the normal listening public, please contact address below.

What do you think of Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children Macnuggits from Berkeley, CA?
Sexually: magnificent. Hygienically: there is much room for improvement.

Why do you choose to play Karaoke-style over forming a band?
Thrift, although I am looking to hook up with a bass player (contact below).

What is the future of Karaoke?
I've a feeling it's going to be really big in Japan.

What is your favourite part of the recording process?
Economizing. I'm actually working right now on being able to record without the use of any recording equipment, words, music, sound or concept.

What is your favourite local music venue in Vancouver?
BC Place for the spacious washrooms and Ms. T's Cabaret at 339 W. Pender which hosts on the first Saturday of every month the Procrastifarian Records showcase featuring acts too talented, deranged or inaudible for other venues. Contact me if you want to play.

Ask yourself a question that would piss you off normally and answer it like a politician.
Why is your penis so small?
Owing to the factors of a global economy endeavouring in a non-exclusive fashion coupled with the hard work and diligence of ordinary working people would fully sum up my response to that allegation in a nutshell.

Anything else to add?
Yes. •

Contact
604.688.4872
<procrastifarian@yahoo.com>

***DiSCORDER*: Who are you (names, flavours, instruments played)?**
Amy Brannen, Guitar, Vocals, Iron Fist in Velvet Glove
Mark Szabo, One Million Monkeys with Guitars
Scott Richie (Rabo), Drums and Occasional Noises
Brian Deans, Cello
Amy Walker, Guest Recitations

Now you folks have been around the block and you ain't new at this music thing. Please tell our readers from where you have come... former/other projects, for example.
Amy: My name is Amy, I come from the banks of the salt marsh in West Chezzetcook, NS. Projects include the Marsh Girls (with my two sisters), Drop Pop Girl and Clover Honey.
Mark: My name is Mark, I come from Calgary. Projects include Thee Crusaders, Infernal Devices, Good Horsey, Mark and Capozzi Park.
Scott: My name is Scott, I come from Fredericton, NB. Projects include Scream Theatre/Three Ring Surgery, Autoerotic, *See Bob Run* (a play), 25¢ Peep Show, Rabo, Wholenewbrain, Insomniacs, Unco, Blue Nose Fly and Assertion.
Brian: My name is Brian, I come from Vancouver, BC. Projects include Vancouver Philharmonic Orchestra.

You've incorporated some interesting instruments into your lineup, namely the cello and the Bo Diddley guitar. Please! Tell us about these and how they came to become a part of your unit.
Amy's Rocks: Cosmic forces beyond our control led us to this pass. It has been more the drunken party conversation than Venus rising in Leo which has united us. Venus rising in Amy, mostly. The instruments arrived by less random routes, they were what we were carrying when we walked in.

There's a bit of a jazzy feel to your set. Have any of you dipped your toes into those waters or do you all just bring out the jazziness in each other?
"Jazzy: vivid, unrestrained" (*Oxford Dictionary of Current English*). I suppose we all bring out the jazziness in each other in the sense that when we're playing it's unrestrained. We are all united by the music that has shaped and formed us, moulded by immortal beings from Planet Merdeka (you know, the one that blew up). Who invented definitions?

In three words, how would you describe your sound to those who have never heard you?
Plangent parting plans.

Amy's Rocks, you have been given the task of planning a gig, which you, of course, will be headlining. Choose 4 other Vancouver bands that you would pick to share the stage with you at the show and what kind of props (if any) you would use for your performance.
The Dream Gig: Amy's Rocks, Young and Sexy, Unitard, Fond of Tigers. Props might include the audience, a few ball gowns, and a hat.

Anything else to add?
Keep an eye out for *Amy's Rocket*, a zine.

Ask yourselves two questions and answer them.
Anything else to watch for from Amy's Rocks?
Yes, we will have a CD available in June 2000.
Why did the chicken cross the road?
We don't know. •

Selected Discography
Clover Honey, *Go Horse Go*, Lancerock Records, 2000; Mark, *Chocolate Covered Bad Things*, Catsup Plate Recordings, 1999; Good Horsey, *Kazué*, Trackshun Industries, 1994; Assertion, *A Great Refusal*, Rented Crutch, 1998; Blue Nose Fly, *Double Penetration*, Piebald Productions, 1998

Contact
Amy Brannen
179 W. 18th Avenue
Vancouver, BC V5Y 2A6
604.873.9601

Myopia

***DiSCORDER*: Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?**
Dave the Butcher, age 23, I sing, uh, badly...
Nathan, 24, hokey-ass drums
Dom, 25, blown speaker bass
Stefan (the Stefilator), 25, wheedling guitars

Dave, how do you manage to sing so low? Do you use anything to help you with this (ie. pitchshifters)? Why do folks call you "the Butcher"? Is it because your vocal style conjures up images of bloody battles in the days of the Vikings, or perhaps long, chilly corridors housing sides of dripping beef?
Dave: No! Myopia uses no major effects on vocals. On the recording I think there are some slight effects (chorus, delay) on certain parts but I couldn't notice them so maybe there aren't... I worked as a meatcutter for about four years, so it just sort of wound up being my name 'cause there are so many Daves out there.

Are there any school teachers in your band? If so, do you think the kids think it's cool to have their teacher playin' death metal?
Dom: There are no school teachers in this band, check behind door #2.
Stefan: I eventually will become a University English Prof. By then, I don't know what kids will be listening to, but I already know I will use Iron Maiden's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" to teach Coleridge.
Nathan: School?
Dave: Myopia contains no educational instructors or anything that could be misconstrued as positive.

If you could go on a gig-crawl seeing local bands through either the US, Canada, or Sweden, which country would you choose? Is the Swedish metal scene still what it was in the good ol' days?
Stefan: I like North American bands better. There isn't much going on in Sweden that I am into.
Dom: Definitely North America. The best death metal/grindcore bands are in Canada and the US. There are some really good bands in the Montreal area, like Cryptopsy; there are some great local bands in Vancouver and across the prairies as well... Metal is a lot more popular in the midwest and on the East Coast than here, unfortunately. A band like ours is lucky to play to 150 people in this town; most of the shows back East have double that amount of people. I think the weed out here is too good—people are too mellow, they would rather watch some guy play a techno CD and sip lattes than check out some real music.
Nathan: The only pub I crawl is the Columbia Hotel. That is really the only bar in town where bands like us can play.
Dave: I would like to go to Sweden just to see all the crazy metal bands coming out of Europe. But for the style of death metal that we play, the US would be the better place to go. Canada would be fun (and probably less sketchy) but the distances between places is a bit too much for a poor band playing music no one likes.

What was the first record each of you possessed? Speaking of possessed, does Myopia ever feel this way while performing?
Dom: Metallica, *Master of Puppets* and Bon Jovi, *Slippery When Wet*—got them the same day.
Nathan: Mötley Crüe, *Shout at the Devil*.
Stefan: Stryper, *Soldiers Under Command*.
Dave: My first record was probably some Bryan Adams record (yes, I was a fan in '83) but my first real record was *Never Mind the Bollocks* in about '89 or '90. I never looked back. We are possessed by the God of thunder and rock 'n' roll when we play live.

Anything else to add?
Make sure to check out some of our upcoming shows: May 19 at the Anza Club with Goat's Blood, Hurt, Human Resistance Project and another band, and May 20 at the Java Joint in Surrey with Goat's Blood, Dissent (or Wrecking Ball), Crown of Horns, and maybe the Maneaters. Support all local bands. We just recorded our first CD, *Concentration of Suffering*, which will be available soon at Scrape Records on Broadway, A&B Sound, and Sam the Record Man. Do yourself a favour and pick it up. Shouts out to Hurt, Tendonitis, Abuse, Crown of Horns, Zuckuss, Goats Blood, All Father, Gohlers, Dissent. Drink beer eat poop! •

Discography
Dilution of Pain, 1997; *Ecstasy in Discord* ,1998; *Concentration in Suffering* , 2000

Contact
Myopia, c/o Dom Ieraci
1137 Renfrew Street
Vancouver, BC V5K 4C1
<gurth@angelfire.com> <davethebutcher666@hotmail.com>

4 may 2000

Vancouver Special

BY JANIS McKENZIE & JAMAAL FRANCIS

local cds

RADIOGRAM
Unbetween
(transsiberian)
It's hard to describe **Radiogram**. Their sound is spare, slow, and somewhat melancholy, sort of a world-weary but gentle urban folk with often jaded lyrics. It could be alt.country, since singer Ken Beattie's voice sometimes has a **Hank Williams** quality, and then there's the occasional fiddle, steel guitar, accordion, and the clean non-commercial old-country vocal accompaniment of Shelley Campbell. But then the occasional addition of trumpets and the frankly old-fashioned pop drumming puts a different spin on things. It all puts me in mind of **The Emptys**, which makes sense since they have one or two members in common, and in fact *Unbetween* includes a version of the pleasant, dreamy Emptys song, "Take Me to the Sea." "Blues for Vancouver" appropriately mentions the rain and makes good use of those sad horns, and "Ballad of Sadie Henry" is appealingly sung by Campbell. Very nice music for a quiet day at home.
JM

THE SALTEENS
Short Term Memories
(Endearing)
I was once in a band with a talented guitarist who used to assure me that while "good musicians borrow, *great* musicians steal." Well, pop-masters **The Salteens** aren't afraid to aspire to greatness. They unashamedly lift catchy pop elements, using (for instance) a guitar riff that sounds suspiciously like something from **The Byrds'** "Eight Miles High" and trumpet bits that could be lifted directly from **Burt Bacharach** or even **Petula Clark**, and mix it up with the most clean-cut white boy harmonies since the first **Young Fresh Fellows** album. But, in fact, what The Salteens play is a particularly post-modern take on the late '50s/early '60s style of bouncy, happy, simple songs, overlaying the irresistible hooks with the occasional (gleefully) ironic poke, and wrapping the whole thing up in a joyously slick-sounding package, not unlike **The Crawlers** and Victoria's **Special Guests**. As you might expect, a good part of the po-mo smartness is in the lyrics. The last song (I'll call it "Nice Day," although it's unnamed on my copy) includes the calculatingly horny "I know you think that I'm gay/But I just played the part/So we'd get it on, and on," sung in perfectly angelic harmony. Ten tracks of energetic, naughty fun. <salteens@canada.com>
JM

STATIONa
Diff'rent Parts: Songs from the Backburner
(F. Flyer)
There are many cool things worth mentioning about **STATIONa**, including the fact that they spent less than a thousand dollars recording this CD, and that the release party for their previous record was at a yard sale. On top of all that, singer/lyricist Sean has done a darn nice job on the artwork for *Diff'rent Parts*. Still, even though it goes against my beliefs to say straight out that any one band sounds like any other, I have to confess that I thought my husband had a point when he came home and asked me, "What's this? **Dinosaur Jr.**?" And although over the course of 20 (often instrumental) tracks, STATIONa demonstrates a range of quirky jazz fusion, metal (both of the **Black Sabbath** power chord and noodly varieties), folk, and lo-fi-inspired alt-rock chops, there is a certain sameness here. A few distort-o-pop moments stand out, as do songs like "Reach It," "Camping Trip," and "By Popular Demand" (a distorted interlude less than a minute and a half long), but this is a very long CD, made up of songs mainly written in '95 and '96, and perhaps more of a document for the confirmed fan than an introduction for a newcomer like me.
JM

local demos

Hey, kids. How are you? The name's Jamaal and I'll be handling the demo director's duties for a little while, including writing this column. I figure we should try to get to know each other better to start with, so why don't I tell you a little bit about my musical interests and you can decide if you still think sending your demo to CiTR is a good idea.

Now I like **Alice in Chains** (*you're a brave, brave man, Jamaal—Ed.*) but I'm not real fancy on **Rage Against the Machine**, so **SLYCE INC.** gets an Adam's XXX Film Guide rating of semi-erect with a big, fat fuck-all for originality and a none too impressive one time through on the CD player. (no address)

I love **Frank Black**, can't be told otherwise. With **The Pixies**, without The Pixies—means nothing to me. So it was with narrowing eyes that I read the press release for **FEATHERWEIGHT**'s full-length, *Champions of the World*: "Think Frank Black meets **Jimi Hendrix**." In regards to what? Your guitar playing? Come on. Hey, I got one: "Featherweight meets humility." Or how about: "**The Pursuit of Happiness** meets my mom." This disc does have its moments, however, and it's impeccably produced, so I feel it would be wrong to completely hack them apart. I'll just have to wait for the live show. (no address)

I have relationship issues with hip-hop. I always feel like I'm putting more in than I'm getting back. Like the time Kevin from Miccheck Productions stood me up for my show. Bastard. Anyway, one soul who's helped me get over my own insecurities and tiptoe around the self-important others is emcee, producer, and entrepreneur **MAGNUS**. His new work, *The Fifth Business EP*, has the hip-hop balls to put music before mouthpiece, and I want all y'all to take note. That's not to say the disc is without its problems (I can't hardly hear the rhymes, yo), but it's most definitely a step in the right direction. (#287-2416 Main St., Vancouver, BC V5T 3E2)

When I was younger, I used to watch all these stupid sitcoms where the token college student is stuck at home writing an essay on *War and Peace* while all his friends go out and get dirty loaded. "Ha, ha, ha," I used to laugh, "has anyone even read that book?" Well, guess what? I have, and the essay's due tomorrow, so Mom's taken away all my pretty little demos in their brown, paper packaging and left me to write a column on nothing. Best to quit before the babble begins. Thanks for having me and sorry I couldn't stay longer. Next time. •

Happiness by Miyu

Falling in love is like throwing yourself down a flight of stairs. You bruise a few limbs and break internal organs. But you didn't mean to do it, you slipped, you weren't paying attention. Now you have to climb the God damned staircase with no one to hold onto except the cold metal railing, and each step is painful because really, you hurt yourself. •

THE QUEERS

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7 inch

BY JULIE COLERO

For the last seven months, I have lived across the street from an absolutely gorgeous park. As it nears time to move home once again, I've realized that I have yet to set foot in the park. This is how I am with a lot of music, too. I know about it, know it qualifies as hot stuff, but I just never get around to checking it out. I recently got a disturbed laugh when I couldn't identify the album we were listening to at work, which turned out to be by **The Pixies**. Last weekend, I didn't recognize **Bob Dylan**'s voice (I'm young, stupid and unaware that the man could once really sing). Many people wonder how I can work in the music business and be so unaware of what came before all of my current indie darlings. I still have a lot of research to do, but I tend to prefer old treasures falling in my lap at random. It's true, I am more than likely to give you a blank stare if you start going off about the best of 1967 and the resulting art scene, but I perk right up when we're talking about the right-here-this-minute music! Let's see what instant favourites I have found for us all this month...

Hold on to your undies, boys and girls, the fabulous **BUDGET GIRLS** have a brand new single! I strongly encourage you to hunt down "Miso Hornie," the most gush-worthy thing I have heard in ages. I love these girls so much! Teri and Christen are two of the smuttiest young ladies around, and they have recorded three new songs (with the help of a band, seeing as how they don't actually play any instruments...) about all the icks and yucks of getting it on. The Budget Girls have absolutely terrible voices, but their lyrics will have you giggling with pleasure. The title track is about the girls' favourite kind of soup (ha ha), and features an amazingly disgusting man-wanking soundbite in the middle. It's so gross that it's cool! The raunchy lyrics are wrapped up in some quality garage-rock tunes, very similar to the work of **Thee** (sadly no-more) **Headcoatees**. Be thankful for the decay of civilization, as it spawns hilarious junk like this! (Damaged Goods, Box 671 London, England E17 6NF)

Less smutty but almost as amazing is the first single by Ontario band **BLACK CAT #13**. This boy/girl quartet resides in a little house at the top of Stylish Punk mountain, screaming down its music to all those not cool enough to be in the band who live around the mountain's base. The music is utterly chaotic, full of thrashing guitars and crazy keyboards. Screamy vocals are delivered by the ladies, which adds a pleasant twist to a newly-found sound. There is a metal element to the four songs featured here, but the keyboards keep it fun. The only fault to this single is that the vocals are mixed too low to make out anything clearly, but that won't stop most of you from enjoying the wrath of Black Cat #13. (King of the Monsters, 8341 E. San Salvador, Scottsdale, AZ 85258)

In the same vein as BC#13, but much more familiar to those of us on the West Coast, is Victoria's **HOT HOT HEAT**, who have finally released a single for the masses. Containing four songs from a previously released tape, the single gives you plenty of rock, but I can't say I enjoyed it as much as the cassette version. The vinyl release got souped up a bit, with extra vocals and keyboards added on top of the old mix, and I don't think it works as well. Of course, if you've never been so lucky as to hear the original versions, you'll have no problem with the new ones... Hot Hot Heat makes it their job to rock really loud

without the hindrance of a guitar, using a fancy keyboard and some heavy bass to rock out metal-style. Once again, a very stylish choice for the punk rock kids. (Ache, 3279 Chaucer Ave., North Vancouver, BC V7K 2C2)

Another local band with a new single out is **RADIO BERLIN**. This two-song 7" has been an awful long time in the making, but it looks as though it was worth the wait. "Heart of Industry" is a slow, sad song with a few loud bursts, held together by one of the band's best keyboard lines. "Eurenemi" is a bit quicker-paced, and features some strong guitar work. The packaging on this single is quite aesthetically pleasing, and this ought to appease all of you waiting for the band to release something on vinyl. (Reassemblage, PO Box 7445, Olympia, WA 98501)

Last year, **MATES OF STATE** released a split single with **Fighter D**, and their song turned out to be one of my favourites. Now, to my great pleasure, the duo has released a two-song single all on their own. Mates of State is a quirky little operation, with male-female call-and-response vocals, drums, and keyboards. There are lots of neat little pop tricks on these two songs, and both songs are quite memorable. I can't figure out what the heck they're yelling about, but it still sounds good to me. (Omnibus, no address)

All ye who wait anxiously for new material from the tried, tested and true indie rock bands, rejoice! Troubleman Unlimited, happy home of **Red Monkey** and other loud things, has released a split single featuring new songs by **UNWOUND** and **VERSUS**. I am one of the Unwound uninitiated, so I can't really say how "Torch Song" ranks on the skill scale, but it sounds pretty good. The Versus song, however, can and will be ranked, in a lofty category known as the "best thing ever" category. "All in Doubt" is a slow song that showcases the vocals beautifully. This makes me want to listen to other Versus songs, to find out if they are as good. (Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St., Bayonne, NJ 07002)

Because I have been wearing my brain-dead dunce cap for most of this column, I'm going to let guest columnist Bryce Dunn take us out with a review of the new **LOUDMOUTHS/VALENTINE KILLERS** split. Isn't he great? "I'm sure glad I don't live in LA. So is the guy who introduces The Loudmouths side of this split, 'cuz nobody dances to them when they play—not if that means pumping your fist in the air whilst downing your fav-o-rite sudsy beverage. Then I do feel sorry for kids in LA, as The Loudmouths blast off two fierce punk rockets that will get any hot blooded rock 'n' roller movin' in no time. The Valentine Killers show promise with their side of this platter, but need a shot of creativity to rise above the heap. The booze-charged rock gets fuzzy after a couple listens. Worth it for the Loudmouths." (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

Have a good month, everybody, and don't buy stuff on eBay unless you really, really need it! •

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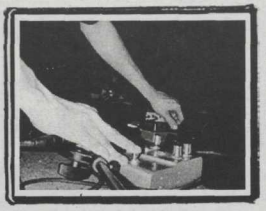

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Louder Than A Bomb

BY NAT X

Is anyone besides me sick of the bullshit that the news media pumps at us whenever there's any challenge to the notion of global capitalism as the final evolution of human society? It's ironic that in a society that prides itself on "freedom" of thought and expression the news media is just as compliant to the wishes of the ruling powers as any so-called dictatorship with state-run media. Don't get me wrong, I'm not implying that there is some government censor standing over the journalists' shoulders deleting and adding passages to their reports. It is, however, clear that those who have power and benefit from a particular viewpoint being accepted as truth exercise massive influence over what we hear and see in the mainstream media. Aside from the fact that many of the same organizations that control global capital control our media, there is the grim reality that in a consumer society "news" is just another commodity. If you can't sell advertising with your news it's not news. This, of course, leads to a double bind.

First, stories that "matter" must be exciting in order to hold people's attention and justify your client's advertising dollars. If this implies embellishment and manipulation of the facts, then so be it. Second, what happens when a story runs counter to the interests of your sponsors (e.g. the way *Adbusters*' PSAs were refused by all the major US television networks because the warnings "might upset our sponsors")? Look at the coverage of two of the most recent major anti-corporate exploitation protests in the US: the IMF conference and the WTO conference. The news coverage I saw from Seattle was such a disgrace to the journalistic profession that I wanted the news cameras to get smashed rather than the Gap and Starbucks windows. And, of course, the issues were never a factor. The "story" was not the fact that hundreds of thousands of people from many countries had converged on this event to highlight the fact that constitutional rights and democratic principles were literally being sold out to global capital. The story was that a few windows were smashed and some people were inconvenienced by the protests. One indignant news anchor was so flustered that she railed against the protesters saying: "I... I mean it's Thursday night: prime shopping time! A lot of people would be doing their Christmas shopping right now. How are we supposed to do our Christmas shopping?" No joke! Same thing with the recent IMF meeting in Washington. The headlines and lead stories are all about riots and problems caused by a minority of those in attendance (in Seattle, many of those involved in the violence had no affiliation with the protests whatsoever... like the kid in the Gap sweatshirt running from the Radio Shack carrying a television whom the news anchors described as "another protester"!). No one questions WHY so many people gathered there. Yet, at the same time, the chair of the IMF has the gall to claim that these people are all wrong, and that the IMF has injected cash into the economies of so many "Third World" countries, etc. What any mainstream news media fails to mention is that not only does the IMF only aid countries whose domestic policies follow the interests of globalization, but that it is these same forces that were born from the profits of colonialism and imperialism that created the shattered economies in these very countries. What a wonderful system: create a dependent economy; encourage governments to loan it money at interest rates so high that the entire production of the country can barely pay the interest (if at all), offer World Bank or IMF loans to fund loan payments (thus transferring the debt from governments to private organizations) and reap the profits. Do this a couple of dozen times and you have a sustainable economy of your own at the expense of a few million suffering people. Isn't capitalism fun? •

Kill Your Boyfriend

COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN

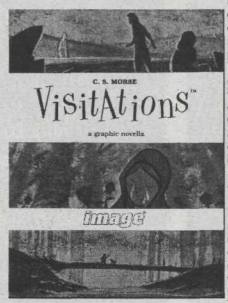
C.S. MORSE
Visitations
(Image)

One of my favourite things about collecting comics is The Great Search. When you find that one comic you've been looking for, it makes reading it all the better. Now, I didn't have to make The Great Search to find C. Scott Morse's *Visitations*, but you will, and it's very worth it. Published by Image (yes, Image) in '98, *Visitations* has no superheroes, no sappy love antics and no mindless gore. What it does have is a beautifully rendered, intricately woven, and heart-wrenching tale.

The story begins with a woman hesitantly crossing the threshold of a church. She startles the priest inside and goes to leave. The priest talks to her, forcing her to stay out of politeness. What starts as an all-too-familiar debate about the existence of God ends in a challenge. The priest vows to show the hand of God in three different news items in the daily paper. What follows are three dark stories with creepy and vague "Hand of God"-ish endings that leave one feeling rough. Personal anecdote #12: I read this story on the bus to work during rush hour surrounded by the suit people and I cried. Embarrassing, yes, but I really wished that they had all read the comic too.

The writing is fluid and encompasses something you don't see enough of in comics, especially comics from Image: everyday life. Morse also imbues the story with a bit of humour, though after reading the stories the laughter had a tendency to stick in my throat. There's a silence to the writing throughout the book, kind of like walking underwater. The only thing I didn't like was the ending. It did seem a little pat and a bit too Hollywood. But I'll chalk that up to Morse's youth and animation background.

Now the art... let me tell you about the art. It is utterly beautiful. Like the landscape painting in your grandmother's living room: warm and soft. Real time is represented with thick brush strokes and a confidence akin to Chinese calligraphy. The ink is tinged brown and lacks the severity of black. The paper is stark white, lending the main story an almost newspaper-like seriousness. The other three stories are



painted, with tans, greys and various shades in between. The art is full, lush, and thick in texture, yet Morse still manages to paint in perfect detail. The effect softens up the stories as well. All the characters have a roundness to them that makes them almost familiar and innocent, even though they are anything but.

Another aesthetic trick Morse uses is layout. When the priest and the woman are talking, the panels are vertical, going from left to right. During the three stories the panels are horizontal going down for your letter-box enjoyment. In the intro, Morse alludes to the fact that he was influenced by a couple of Japanese film makers, so the cinematic feel of his art is no surprise.

Morse has actually done quite a few things while also maintaining an animation career. Check out *Little Grey Man* for aliens and pop culture, *Soulwind* for human drama with a slice of sci-fi and ninjas, and *Volcanic Revolver* for old school mafioso. He has also appeared in various collections and one-shots, but you can get all that information on his website, www.fantasyideas.com/crazyfish. The last thing he did was a comic adaptation of the newly released *Ghost Dog*. I haven't seen the movie yet, but Morse's comic is poetry. •

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Morning Maker

Saturday May 13
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The Riff Randells
Siobhan Duvoll
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Video Philter

BY TANIA BOLSKAYA

This is Vancouver, and the summers here don't get much hotter than a Mike and Ike Hot Tamale—warm, but they don't really burn. There are some of us, however, who hate to brave even a few months of weather on the wrong side of 25 degrees. As soon as people are comfortable walking around in short sleeves, I'm getting the vapours. Thank God for movie theatres, the last refuge of the sweater-clad! There's nothing like popping in, plopping down, and refusing to move until you've contracted frostbite in 63% of your digits. Given the usual roster of summer flicks, though, sometimes you just can't bear to see Bruce Willis blow up the building for the six trillionth time, even if it is for a good cause, like not getting sun stroke. In the interests of maintaining a cool profile this summery season, and getting a little closer to your inner Viking, I suggest picking up a few films of the Scandinavian persuasion.

It's not true that the only things to come out of Scandinavia are smoked fish, DIY minimalist furniture and ABBA. There are curlers (the rocks and ice kind whose asses we kicked recently) and hockey players and Volvos, too. Long before Hollywood and the MPAA sent Jack Valenti on his crusade to wipe out all indigenous film industries to make room for more Jerry Bruckheimer movies, Sweden had a booming silent film industry. Then the moguls hired away all their talent and the native industry all but collapsed. (For the most recent examples of this, see Australia and Hong Kong.) While films have been made in Scandinavia continuously since the silent film era, most notably by Ingmar Bergman, the past twenty years has seen a mini-renaissance. As indie filmmaking has gone global, creative minds in most of Northern Europe have been just as busy as their counterparts around the globe.

Dette er Vancouver, og sommerne her dont får meget varmere enn en Mike og Ike Varm Tamale—varmer, men de dont virkelig brannsär. I interessene av å vedlikeholde en kjølig profil denne summery sesongog få litt nærmere til Deres indre Viking jeg foreslår at det plukke av opp et par filmer av Scandinavian overtalelse.

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Starting our tour in the region's eastern outpost of reindeer and suicide, Finland's most recognizable director, at least in terms of his on-screen style, is Aki Kaurismaeki. While his most famous creation thus far has been the Leningrad Cowboys (they of the pointy hair, pointy shoes, and Balalaika greatest hits collection), Kaurismaeki has been working feverishly since the 1980s. According to the Internet Movie Data Base, Aki and his older brother Mika are together responsible for one fifth of all Finnish films made. (If it's not Kaurismaeki, it's Swedish!)

In 1989, the same year he made *Leningrad Cowboys Go America* (of which he says, "it's the worst film in the history of the cinema, unless you count Sylvester Stallone's films"), Kaurismaeki made another film short on dialogue and big on oily-black comedy. It's hard to say if ***The Match Factory Girl*** is really supposed to be funny, yet for all its bleakness it's certainly no tragedy. Young Iris lives at home with her mother, who seems to have no real feeling for her, and her step-father, who spends his precious time smoking, drinking, and watching TV. Iris works at a match factory to pay the communal rent, then cooks and cleans up when she gets home. For fun she hangs out at community centre dances drinking orange pop and being ignored by everyone. The impulse purchase of a dress leads to more intense misery for our proletarian party girl. As played by Kaurismaeki stalwart Kati Outinen, Iris' ugly-beautiful face draws the audience in first to her unfounded optimism and later to her vengeful pain. The dialogue is so sparse, when people do speak it's with a (mostly poisonous) potency.

The potency of magic, and its dubious morality, is the subject of ***The Juniper Tree***, a 1987 film from the winner of the "Most Descriptive Country Name" award, Iceland. Nietzcha Keene's adaptation of a Grimm Brothers' fairy tale stars Iceland's biggest export after herring, Björk, as the younger of two sisters forced to take to the road after their mother is stoned and burned as a witch. Apparently it was a fair cop, as her daughters have each inherited part of their maternal legacy—the elder Katja is a master of spells and incantations, while little Margit has visions. Big sis vows to find a man and, with her bag of magic tricks, get him to marry her and provide a home for herself and Margit. It seems that Katja's good at what she does,

photo by lori kiessling

because inside of ten minutes, the girls are set up in Farmer Johann's pad. Unfortunately for the new little clan, Johann was married before and the progeny isn't too happy with his new mama-in-law. *The Juniper Tree*'s Dark Age setting and interesting conflict between the pagan Katja and her Christian husband are well served by barren Icelandic vistas and beautiful sepia-toned black and white cinematography. The great ensemble acting—not only can she wail, little Björk can act!—is most obvious in the nice contrast between the ethereal, vision-burdened Margit and the earthily sexual Katja. Shockingly for a fairy tale, "good" and "bad" are not as important here as the misapprehension of good intentions for malevolence.

Moral ambiguity seems to be alive and well not only in ancient Iceland but across the sea in fjord-heavy Norway as well. Two recent films from the land which begat Ballard delve into the blank spaces behind the blank faces which so many Scandinavian productions—from Garbo to Bergman to Kaurismaeki—feature prominently. Like *The Match Factory Girl*, Pal Sletaune's ***Junk Mail*** (1996) is rife with bleak, cold Scandinavian urban landscapes and dead-end jobs. Roy is a postman who, when the mood strikes him, reads his route's mail, dumps a week's worth of correspondence into a train tunnel, and sneaks into pretty girls' apartments. It's the last thing on that list that gets him into trouble as this particular pretty girl has some shady dealings going on. Interestingly, *Junk Mail* never gets into particulars—what crime is this, who is that guy—but plays out its deadpan humour at a brisk skip. The sad sack, filthy charm of Roy (Robert Skaerstad) and a hilarious karaoke scene make *Junk Mail* as much Norwegian fun as 83 minutes can handle.

On the less rib-tickling side of moral ambiguity is 1998's superlative police drama ***Insomnia***, a Norwegian film starring Swedish superstar Stellan Skarsgaard (*Good Will Hunting*'s self-centred MIT professor). Fans of Irvine Welsh's *Filth* and Abel Ferrer's *Bad Lieutenant* would enjoy this less outlandish but tauter tale of a policeman on assignment above the Arctic Circle whose behaviour takes a slide for the worse. *Insomnia* could be grouped into a new batch of "film blanc" works—movies like *Three Kings* which adopt the anti-heroes and moral pitfalls of film noir, but instead of hiding them in the shadows, they bathe them in the brightest of lights. Throughout *Insomnia*, the glaring midnight sun which prevents the inspector from getting the sleep he desperately needs plays a role as big as any of the supporting cast or the gloriously tight dialogue. Skarsgaard brilliantly lets just a few cracks appear in his blank Nordic visage as his path strays farther and farther from the straight and narrow.

If you are interested in keeping your cool this summer by seeing other films made by and featuring people from the lands of sauna (who all have the greatest sounding names—just pick one and repeat it about thirty times: Stellan Skargaard, Kati Outinen, Aki Kauresmaeki) there are a few more titles to look for. Already available is the Swedish crime thriller ***The Last Contract*** (Kjell Sundvall; 1997), as well as the first two self-proclaimed Dogma 95 projects, both from Denmark: ***Celebration*** (Tomas Vinterberg; 1998) and ***The Idiot*** (Lars Von Trier; 1998). Also from the flattest country on earth, keep an eye out at the rep cinemas and video stores for ***Let's Get Lost*** (Jonas Elmer; 1997) a black and white masterpiece of slacker-comedy. Lastly, for the criminally minded techno fans in the audience, ***Blossi/810551*** (Julius Kemp;1997) is a quick and nasty jaunt around Iceland which played to enthusiastic response at the film festival a few years back. It's not out on video yet, but often indie foreign films take a while to hit the shelves. In the mean time, stay cool and go Scandinavian. •

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Radio Free Press

ZINES • BY SAM & BLEEK

Zinesters rejoice! The phoenix has risen. After a long hiatus, CiTR finally has a brand spanking new zine-centric extravaganza, Radio Free Press (Wednesdays, 2-3pm). Not only that, but *DiSCORDER* has this fantastic new column to accompany this epochal radiophonic phenomenon. You're reading it right now, fool!

We're Bleek and Sam and we should, of course, show our credentials. We're two awkward immigrant males and both committed zinesters. Bleek is the creator of *Speck*. He's been in the indie underground zine business of failure for more than 5 years and has just relocated to Van city from smelly little Merritt, BC. The paper version of *Speck* may be found at Scratch and Zulu and some other cool places.

Sam writes for a new zine rejoicing under the moniker *Pop Boffin*. It's the latest meisterwork from the genius mind of Lara Jenny, one of the überzinegirls behind the esteemed *slampiece*. The first issue tackles everything from lesbian fiction to *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* to **Lydia Lunch**. It's available for $2 at Zulu and Scratch or from <pop.boffin@virginnet.co.uk>.

Keeping it local, ***Queen of the Universe*** is one we both like. It has cartoons, features on independent film, music reviews and some excellent personal stuff. Issue five's piece on working as a temp postal worker to pay off student loan debts is a particularly fine example of zines' ability to put unmediated personal experience into print. If you can get a copy for $2 from the usual outlets or from Nettie, 1340 Woodland Drive, Vancouver, BC V5L 3S3.

Also from Vancouver comes ***Deviant*** #3. It's the latest vehicle for Robin Bougie's comic *Deviant* (he does a number of other printed thingies). It's some of the most explicit comic work you could hope to come across. Uptight, porn dissin' guys like us tend to feel naughty looking at this thing—and if Bleek didn't actually know Bougie we might just wonder about the freak/perv artist—but the undeniable fact is that Bougie is an excellent comic artist who always stirs up something compelling with his products. While this is Robin's "Psycopathia Sexualis" it never strays into the "evil" category of Mike Diana's *Boiled Angel*. Send Robin yummy cookies and $3 to #320-440 East 5th Ave., Vancouver, BC V5T 1N1.

Keeping it slightly less local, we move on to Ryan Bigge of Vancouver's legendary *Single Guy* zine. He's relocated to Toronto but his defection hasn't dulled his wit any. His ***127 Days to Live*** #3 is a concept zine mixing sly satire with outright absurdism. The fact that no mainstream publisher would put out something this peculiar/inventive is basically the theme. You should give Ryan $2.50 because he sent us a copy with a dinosaur on the cover. Contact <rbigge@sfu.ca>

So far, the only other person who's sent us anything is Joshua Saitz. Not only did we receive #2 of his rant-zine ***Negative Capability***, we also got a copy of his *CD Misfit Toys*. The alarmingly glossy mag features lots of opinionated/confessional material which is as well written as it is provocative and misanthropic. The "audiozine" features Josh reading from the zine to an accompaniment of sound effects and music. The print version is $4US and the disc $14US from PO Box 225338, San Francisco, CA 94122; email josh@negcap.com. Support this labour of love/hate unless you're easily offended by phrases like "how about them apples, bitch?" He's nice, really.

Also from south of the border comes Seattle's ***Renegade*** #8. It's an eye-witness account of the WTO hoot 'n' holler from November 28 to December 3, 1999. *Renegade*'s editor Melanie Renecker somehow practices a snotload of restraint, avoiding emotional or political tainting and just presents a view from the crowd. The text is accompanied by pretty good, high contrast black and white photos for street cred. Let's face it kids, the alternative media is what's left of the voice of the people. Order from Melanie Renecker buy sending $3 US to PO Box 23381, Seattle, WA 98102.

Also from Seattle is ***The Urban Hermit*** #7. Sarah O'Donnel writes this *Cometbus*-style zine with her own very cool fingers. Much of the material deals with street-level living, city dweller's interaction and punk ethics. Sarah's stories flow as if someone is speaking to you inside of a dream. Most of it entrancing and only some of it confusing; all of it is warm and familiar. Send $1 and stamps to Sarah O'Donnell, 1122 East Pike, Seattle, WA 98122.

Wanna be reviewed here and quoted on the radio? Then send us your zines care of *DISCORDER*, #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1. We're open to all types of publication— music, visual art, whatever... Wanna read your own zine article on air? Contact us or send a tape of a reading from your zine (about 2 to 10 minutes) and give all ordering info. Women's issues are important to us and we're keen to reflect that in our coverage. We're going to be honest though: we don't like uninformative interviews with lame bands. We don't know poetry from rat poison. And we don't like thinly disguised corporate propaganda. But we do like raw editorial invective and all those things that only the independent press can provide. •

Zine Websites

Queen of the Universe:
www.angelfire.com/bc/queenoftheuniverse/

Speck: www.medatman.com/speck

Negative Capability: www.negcap.com

Pop Boffin: freespace.virginnet.co.uk/pop.boffin/

The Moves

Getting With The Moves...
by Queer Noise

The Moves are three kick-ass gals based out of Northampton, Massachussets. Sara Shaw, Sara Cooper and Rachel Cohen play intricate, angular pop-rock themed music that makes you want to dance and rock out. Amidst technical difficulties, Queer Noise spoke to Sara Shaw and Rachel Cooper about life in The Moves.

***DiSCORDER*: How did you start playing music?**
Sara Shaw: It was sort of a family thing. Both of my sisters went to art school and were musicians. It was just assumed I would play music too. I played cello since I was little and then I wanted to play rock and roll, so I got a guitar and I gradually did other things.
Who has inspired you musically?
SS: I'm really into sixties pop, rock, and garage stuff right now; I don't know if it's necessarily so much of an inspiration though. When I was in high school, Team Dresch was very inspiring to me, and I've always loved Sonic Youth, old rock records and The Who.
Reviewers have commented that you have a really unique chemistry. Does this affect you in terms of being friends and being in a band?
Rachel Cohen: We became friends and band mates at the same time.
You tend to follow each other's movements musically and your writing together is consistent...
RC: We all have distinct styles.
SS: We all write different songs, but I think we're trying to move more towards writing them all together. I think that we definitely have all distinct styles and we all add to it. I wouldn't say that we always work in the same way. We have our own particular way of doing things.
You frequently change your instruments during song writing and performance. How do you think this affects your music?
RC: I'd say it has to add to it and subtract from it in different ways because obviously we get a variety of styles.
SS: It's hard because you can't really specialize in one instrument. Drums are the instrument that I'm least confident in and it's difficult to move forward in all instruments when you have to focus on a few different ones. I think it makes it more fun, but it's also more difficult, and then in a live setting it gets to be a little bit crazy, trying to switch things back and forth.
So does it get pretty chaotic at your live shows?
RC: Well, sometimes.
SS: We actually sometimes have to practice the transitions—if we leave it to spontaneity, it gets insane. We try to use things to fill up the space in our set with tapes of noise and things. We're not the best at live banter with the crowd.
RC: We're just kind of shy.
The production on your new record is very hi-fi and slick for an independent debut. What role did you have in the production and engineering of your release?
SS: I worked at the recording studio where it was recorded all summer so I learned a lot about the process. Thom Monihan, the producer, was the one who I think was responsible for a lot of the sounds on there. He was really good at working with us on sounds that we wanted. We were really happy with the variety that he got.
RC: I agree. He was very generous with his time because we spent a lot of late nights there.
Album reviews and articles always seem to bring up sexuality in their description of your band. Is that something that you're comfortable with?
SS: I think that sometimes people give labels that they feel like giving—it's not that we're not comfortable about it. It's people's assumptions, I think, a lot of it. We're queer but I wouldn't necessarily call us "dyke pop-punk." I think the political side isn't necessarily what always comes first—it's important, but we'd like to be thought of as musicians before dykes.
Where you're based from (Northampton, Massachusetts) has this reputation as being kind of a lesbian mecca. Has this been helpful in promoting your music?
SS: I think so. I think people have been more enthusiastic around here.
RC: I agree. I think, for instance, that we wouldn't have [otherwise] met the people who helped to introduce us to Kaia [Wilson] and Mr. Lady.
SS: I think that Mr. Lady [Records] was able to take more of an interest or knew about us more because we are from here. They've been excellent to us. People are just very supportive around here, I think it's maybe helped to label us a queer band.
Mr Lady is a unique label that promotes women and queers in music and video. How do you feel about the relationship you have with them?
SS: We're really grateful
RC. They're extremely amazing.
SS: I think they've been so helpful to us and we definitely wouldn't have been able to do any of this without them.
What else do you do besides play music?
RC: Right now I'm in school, I guess that's a lot of my life, I'm studying to be a teacher... Kindergarten, I hope, or First Grade. I do a lot of art as well.
SS: I'm also in school, studying music and American Studies—that takes up a lot of time. I also like to think a lot about recording music. I've been trying to get into recording music on computers a little bit, which is pretty interesting. I think lately, just trying to deal with band business has been taken up a lot of time. It's exciting, but it tends to get a little hectic at times. It's fun, but it's kind of crazy.
How did you respond after receiving *the Advocate*'s best local band award?
SS: We were totally shocked. I think the queer identity around here maybe helped with things like that; it helped us to be really popular in the area. I think it was really flattering.
How did you get promoted by AOL as being the new all-girl pop band? Are there any Spice Girls comparisons with the members of The Moves?
SS: I don't know. We're going to have to get some fancy choreography and matching outfits.
RC: Luckily, I just bought a mini skirt last night. I dressed up as Sheila E last night for a party.
SS: I think that [the AOL promotion] came from an interview we did with www.gurl.com, which was nice and fine, but I didn't know it would necessarily lead to that assumption about us. Not that it's an assumption; we all are girls... I guess you could say pop, sometimes.
RC: I don't really think it's about pop though, personally.
SS: I think we have moments, but I wouldn't use that as the main characterization.
Your sound is kind of unique, it blends different facets of pop and punk and some songs have a distinct new wave sound. When you started playing together, was there a sound that you were going for?
RC: I like loud fast rock.
SS: We all had a lot of songs that we had been working on for a while that we brought together. We never really sat around and said we'd like to sound like this, but I think we all take cues from each other. We all influence each other in some way, I feel that I learn a lot from Sara (Cooper) and Rachel, I think it's not necessarily one particular sound we're going for.
What type of equipment do you use?
RC: I have a Gibson Les Paul.
SS: I have a Fender Stratocaster and Sara (Cooper) has a Gibson SG Special. On the recording we switched around a lot to get to use whatever guitar would work best. In live situations we have to improvise and sometimes the Strat isn't necessarily the best for loud edgy songs, but it's too much of an effort to switch all the time. Then we have a Fender Precision bass and a Pearl Export drum set that was stolen from this boy in 9th grade by me, well, borrowed long-term...
What have you released so far?
SS: Three things: the 7", the record, and the Mr. Lady [*New Women's Music Sampler*] track.
How can people get your music?
SS: Mr. Lady is distributed by Mordam. Independent record stores have it, or you can order it directly from Mr. Lady, or if you come to our shows you can buy it there.
Any touring plans in the near future?
RC: We plan to tour in August. It's going to be very exciting.
SS: Hopefully we'll be going around the US and possibly Canada a bit. Our van is kind of broken, but we'll see what happens.
Who is the biggest mover in The Moves?
SS: I think it's got to be Rachel.
RC: Oh god... why?
SS: Everybody knows it's Rachel... •

bowery electric

My brain doesn't work without Beat. No joke—Bowery Electric's 1996 masterpiece functions as a catalyst for most of the good ideas that come out of this head of mine. When I am placed in a room with Beat's loops, rhythms, and drones, I can do anything. I ought to credit Bowery Electric as co-authors of most of the essays I've produced during the last three years at university. Lushlife, the new album from this New York duo, has a very different feel to it—I almost want to start dancing. Martha Schwendener, half of Bowery Electric's creative team, spoke to me by telephone.

***DiSCORDER*: Have you done a lot of press for *Lushlife*? Because I don't think I read much about *Beat* at all.**

Martha Schwendener: Yeah, well that's the difference between being on Beggar's Banquet and being on Kranky. Kranky's just like two guys, and they don't have the same kind of machinery going.

What prompted the change? You just wanted something bigger?

It's a lot of work to do when the distribution isn't too good. We just needed more resources; we needed more money to set up a studio. With Kranky, we were working with very very little money and, unfortunately, with the music, as anyone who's been in a band knows, your ability to relax and stretch out creatively is unfortunately really tied to money when it comes to recording. We wanted to take that into our own hands and so, by moving to Beggar's, we were able to set up a hard-disk recording system in our house and take our time and do whatever we wanted to. It's made our lives a lot easier in that respect.

You're sort of Kranky's big success story.

I think Godspeed You Black Emperor is their new success story. [*laughs*]

Oh yeah, I forgot about that one. I'm a little disillusioned; we've got a label in Montreal called Constellation which does Godspeed's stuff as well, and there are at least five other bands that come from Godspeed. Nobody ever bothers to talk about anything other than them, so it's a little frustrating. Apparently they put on a fantastic show, so...

Yeah, we just saw them recently down in Austin. It was good.

How long has it taken you to record *Lushlife*? Two years?

The reason it's two years is partly because it took so long to set up the studio. A lot of the software we were getting, people were putting it out on the market, in a sense, before it was really ready, so that there were a lot of compatibility issues. You'd get things up and running and going and all of a sudden you'd have this crash. The whole hard-disk recording thing is still kind of in its formative stages in terms of who's making what. Once we started recording, we'd hit these walls where we'd have to go back to the company and say "this is not working!" We weren't the only ones. There were a lot of other people out there that were in the same situation. In the process Lawrence has become like a beta tester for software and everything. He's gotten so good at figuring out the bugs and stuff that he can just tell companies what's wrong with them before they release it.

I guess there's a huge gear difference between the other albums and this one.

Yes and no... I mean, Lawrence has always been kind of a gearhead. I'm not so much; it's kind of split down stereotypical gender lines, unfortunately. I wish I were a little more interested. I guess you could say, in a really reductive way, that it's analog as opposed to digital, but even that's not really accurate because we did still use analog synths and stuff like that. We're recording digitally now.

Did you find benefits, using digital recording technology?

Oh yeah, definitely. It's been sort of a revolution in the making for ten years or so with ADATs and stuff like that, and all the "bedroom people," from Aphex Twin to... I mean he's not the first one, but he's the first person who comes to everyone's mind. It frees you up enormously when you don't have to shell out money every time you want to record something and have other people as an interface between you and a 24-track board. You think that those people are sort of neutral and are just there plugging in the information that you want, and it's really not the case at all.

What are the origins of Bowery Electric?

Lawrence and I have known each other for quite a long time. We met when we were working for *Interview* magazine, and neither one of us was making music, but we were both pretty big fans and had similar tastes, and that's how we got together personally and musically. A lot of people who don't make music get a strong message from those who do that they shouldn't, and we both feel that that's wrong because we were the people who, when you'd play guitar, would say "Gee, I'd like to play guitar" and they'd say... Someone actually told Lawrence once, a friend, I suppose I should say "friend" in quotes, "Don't learn to play guitar, there are enough bad guitarists out there anyway." There are a lot of people who promote that kind of thing. I don't know if it's a competitive thing, if they're worried that the more people out there then somehow their band's going to fail. Everyone knows people like that who are not very encouraging. Sometimes it just takes meeting the right person or the right group of people to feel enabled, and I guess that's what Lawrence and I did for each other: we just realized that this wasn't just something that other people could do—we could do it if we put our minds to it.

Lushlife* gets people more involved. The older albums were very mellow, there were *a lot of drones... did you get any of your ideas for your new sound varieties from what people did to your music on Vertigo?

That's a really good question. We didn't really talk about that at all, to be honest. I guess the answer is no. We liked what people did a lot, and there were a bunch of remixes that weren't even on there... for instance, they didn't put the Mark Clifford remixes that were on the 12"s on the CD. We were a little bit disappointed about that, I don't know why they didn't put it on, but in general we were really happy with those remixes and everything. It was a diverse crowd, too. The only thing they had in common was that they weren't part of the Squarepushery, new electronic crowd. They were all people who had been in bands and had become electronic musicians, like Colin Newman and Robert Hanson.

Lots of unfamiliar names.

Unfamiliar?

For me, at least.

Do you know Loop? The band Loop?

Yes.

Well, that's Robert Hanson. He's in Main, too. That's him, and then Colin Newman was in Wire, he was one of the main guys in Wire. He's been around for a long time. Now he's got a label called Immersion. There were a couple other guys who were pretty new. Dunderhead is Nigel Smith, and Witchman—I can't remember his name right now—they are sort of newer guys. What's interesting to us is that they came out of experimental guitar bands and stuff. It's kind of nice, since we started out playing guitars. We're kind of in a weird area where we're not just like some of the drum and bass people, some of the people in England who have only grown up with electronic music, who don't have any other background at all.

Your press release talks about a hip-hop sound. Where is that coming from in the music?

Well, the beats. They're all classic hip-hop beats. The last beat on the album is a famous one—Eric C and Rakim, "Paid in Full." That beat has been used by tons of people, it was even used by Milli Vanilli. All the beats on the album are classic hip-hop beats. The whole arrangement of "Psalms of Survival" is a hip-hop arrangement. If you took off the vocals you could put a rap over it. Which Lawrence did for a mix for a European radio station at one point! It's pretty funny. It's not so apparent to the ear unless you're a big hip-hop fan and know the structure and underlying bedrock of the whole thing. Lawrence and I, like most people in North America, have really grown up with hip-hop in the last twenty years. Plus, living in New York, living in Brooklyn, we're surrounded by it. We tried to incorporate it in our own way. We really like hip-hop, which comes out of '60s and '70s soul—that's where all the breaks are from—and we've always liked Marvin Gaye and Curtis Mayfield and Al Green. Particularly on this last album, we were listening a lot to the soundtracks they did like *Superfly* and *Troubleman*. It's one of those historic things. We have a song on *Lushlife* called "Troubleman" and that's the name of the Marvin Gaye soundtrack.

When you play live, is it just the two of you up there on stage?

No, we've always played with a live band and done pretty much everything live. This album creates new challenges because—well, it comes down to what kind of budget you have and our budget does not allow us to have a whole string section. That's one of those things that you think about when you're recording. The thing that's nice about hard-disk recording and sampling is that we really have no restrictions. You can use full strings, sampling them or using a MIDI program, but then you might not be able to get a cellist or five cellist and ten violinists to come with you on tour. Those kind of things we're going to have to play as samples and loops. Otherwise we'll have just bass and drums and vocals and hopefully guitar.

Some turntables as well?

We'll see. It all depends. When we go to Europe it's going to have to be more stripped-down. In Europe they don't have as much of a problem with that, whereas in North America people are still really tied to wanting to see everything happen before them. In England, they're so entrenched in DJ culture right now that you can get up and dance around and play a CD behind you and they really don't care. There are good sides and bad sides to that. The good side is that you're not under so much pressure to recreate the whole thing, but obviously the bad side is that it can be pretty boring. We're trying to reach a happy medium. •

by Julie C.

FLAPPING LIPS WITH WAYNE COYNE

by Luke Meat

photos by Ann Goncalves

***DiSCORDER*: Welcome to Vancouver! Can I present you first with this bag of rubber insects for your dogs to chew on?**

Wayne Coyne: Alright!!! Yeah! Well, they eat up just about everything—I didn't mean that they just eat plastic bugs! [*On The Flaming Lips' last album,* Zaireeka, *Coyne described in great detail his dogs' eating habits.*]

Being a Canadian hockey fan... the cities of Winnipeg and Quebec lost their NHL teams and morale became quite low for people living in those cities. Is there a morale problem in Oklahoma, where you live, because you do not have and have never had an NHL team?

Well, here and there we have a local semi-pro team and they are quite loved, but that is a weird phenomenon with a local... whatever the team is. If they do good, people feel a local pride and you do see a sense of satisfaction about it. The team winning and nothing going on in the fans' lives.... Y'know, I used to think that was a ridiculous thing, but I don't anymore. I see it as being positive. People like to have meaning in things, even if they're fake, and I think you do it and I do it. No one wants to face up to reality all the time, and though I'm no sports freak, I do see where they have their place.

A few reviews of *Zaireeka* complained that getting 4 CD players to start at once was impossible [*Zaireeka was released on 4 CDs, intended to be played simultaneously*]. With turntablism becoming as popular as it is, would you consider re-releasing *Zaireeka* on vinyl?

I think that would be a good idea, only that's where it gets too elaborate. We meant the album for normal people, not for DJ types. I personally didn't have any trouble getting 4 CD players together, y'know—phone up a couple of friends with boomboxes, computers... I understand that it's not meant for everybody, especially busy music journalists—sometimes they listen to music the least because they have to listen to so many albums.

With your past sonic endeavours such as the *Boombox Experiments*, *Zaireeka*, and tonight, when you'll hand out headphones for enhanced listening... I mean, you actually get your audience involved! Do you hate passive listening?

I think all levels of listening are great. We will play some music before and after we go on that I think is "passive" listening. It's music that's great to talk to, to do something else to. It sets the mood, and you don't necessarily have to be paying attention to it to enjoy it.

Like Erik Satie's concept of "furniture music," where the music is uninterrupting, and merely tints the environment.

Right. People sometimes enjoy music better when they don't have to pay that much attention. All types of music have a great usefulness about them. When it comes to our records—apart from *Zaireeka* and *The Boombox Experiments*—I think they have a variety of stuff. Sometimes it's intense listening, sometimes it's passive, sometimes it's just something you want to sing along with.

I hear that your biggest pet peeve is being sick. Vancouver is going through a cold epidemic right now. Do you have a Flaming Lips cure?

It's always best to be healthy to begin with. I used to smoke but I don't anymore. I run and ride my bicycle a lot, I eat good food, I try to be optimistic.

I spoke with Bob Pollard last summer. I asked him if it was true that Guided By Voices "never sacrifice hummability for art-for-art's sake." He responded, "Definitely. It's all about whether the songs are catchy or not, and you can tell Wayne Coyne that!" I asked what he meant, and he said, "I don't have 4 CD players to listen to his new album." So here I am, Wayne, passing on a message I never thought I would have the chance to! Now, I'm not trying to start an indie war here, but... any response?

Well, for the record, I don't think Bob is into forcing the evolution or progression of listening... *onward*. I mean, I think he's content with saying, "I like old '60s records and I like lo-fi and I'm satisfied with that." Well, I'm not. I'm not saying that people shouldn't be satisfied with that, I'm saying if I'm not satisfied, why can't I explore new territory? And I certainly would think a musician like Bob Pollard would applaud that rather than condescend on that. Thank God there have been people in the past who pushed the evolution of music forward. Otherwise we could still all be, uh...

Three-chord rock 'n' roll?

Right! There's nothing wrong with that, but I'm glad there's a lot of variety. I hope to just make a small contribution, to say that there's other ways you can do things, and it doesn't say anything bad about people who don't choose to do that. I would never use what Bob does and what I do as a battle of ideologies. At the same time, though, I do feel an obligation. I'm given a lot of money and a lot of attention sometimes, and I feel like "here's a guy who can do something right now that's never been done before," and I feel like I'm one of them. And maybe Bob's one of them—I don't know, maybe he doesn't feel that way, but I do! So when I get the chance, I say, "Let's go over there; let's see what we can do with all this new technology, and all this momentum."

One thing I found interesting about *The Soft Bulletin* is that it's the first use of kettle drums that I can think of on a so-called "pop" album since *Pet Sounds* or *UmmaGumma*. Is the use of kettle drums, perchance, the key to a pivotal album?

Oh no, no !!! [*Laughing*] I don't think that there is any secret way! I don't even know if there *is* a way. Whatever your ideas are, and your art is, it meets up with the times, and sometimes it just works out. I think the isolation, and all the time that it takes to remove yourself from your environment to make art... People forget how scary it is to be sitting there. In our case it was sitting there for a couple of years, and we really didn't care what was going on in the world, and we made music that was unique to our situation. Then the day comes when you have to present it to the world and you're like, "Oh my God, I'm not sure if people are gonna give a shit about this, or if they do hear it at all, will they just think it's stupid?" If anybody ever realized at the time when they were making their "art" that it was gonna be innovative or have some impact, I think they would stop and go, "Oh wait! What are we gonna do here?" We never considered what we were doing as "pivotal" or "new"; we simply said, "Let's do what *we* like." I mean, we always assume that people are gonna think what we're doing is ridiculous anyway, so we may as well please ourselves. If the album is pivotal... awesome!

I know you're sick of this topic, but on the *90210* episode that you appeared on, the character, "Steve" said...

[*Coyne and Meat in unison*]: "Gee, I don't like 'alternative' music that much, but those guys ROCKED THE HOUSE!!!"

Who got the last laugh? a) Religious *90210* fans who thought you were "giggle... weird" b) People who watched *90210* only *because* The Flaming Lips were on or c) The Flaming Lips?

I don't think it had an impact in any of those ways, to tell you the truth: a) People that watched *90210* considered us as a distraction from looking at those women and "guys." Like, "When will this song be over?" b) People like me just watched that one episode and c) For us it was a fascinating moment. I mean, these guys call us up and go, "Do you wanna do this?" I mean, we *live* to do this stuff! I mean, to find ourselves in these absurd things. But it's only absurd if you know as much as you or I do. Most people were like, "Gee... that was... uh... great."

It was just like the *Batman* soundtrack thing that we did. I remember being in a theatre in Oklahoma, and there were a couple of radio stations there, and we had to stand up and wave to the crowd. We were the only ones who realized just how absurd this was, because we do the kind of music that we do and it's not absurd to anybody else. I think we wrongly look at... well, not "unsophisticated music listeners," but people who don't take it as seriously as we do. I think they do, but that they simply just don't have enough time to listen. They have jobs and kids, and when they have a couple of minutes, they listen to music that's comfortable to them. I mean, if I didn't have any time to listen to as much music as I do, I would listen to something I already love instead of trying to find new music that I *might* love. Honestly, if mainstream music wasn't so loved, you wouldn't hear it all the time. We always complain about how people can listen to Garth Brooks, but they do. Millions of people love it.

12 may 2000

Greg Dulli from The Afghan Whigs listed *Priest-driven Ambulance* as one of his top 10 favorite albums, right in between *Loveless* [by My Bloody Valentine] and *Fear of a Black Planet* [by Public Enemy]. Do you feel comfortable being grouped between two such revered albums?

Well, when we made that record, we knew the Afghan Whigs. They played their very first show in Cincinnati with us and they were getting ready to do their first Sub Pop album. Greg really admired the production we were doing on *Priest-driven Ambulance*. I think he just wound up listening to that album a lot for those type of ideas—just to hear that sort of production—and he was trying to do those same types of things. Actually *getting* your ideas as opposed to hiring a producer to get them for you. Back then, that was everybody's reach: to be in control of your record, to get enough money to make them the way you want to. I remember, after we played a couple of shows with them, he made us talk again about how we made the record and so on. So I think he just listened to it a bunch and, like most records, if you hear them often enough, parts of your life just start to get associated with it and it probably does become a great. Though I don't know if anybody's record in and of itself does that. I think it's the listener that builds it up to being something. I'll happily sit between *Loveless* and *Fear of a Black Planet* if you'll let me, sure!

You've mentioned more than once in the past that you do not use psychedelic drugs while recording. On that note, what percentage of your audience do you think take psychedelic drugs while *listening* to your recordings?

Well, I don't think they really work with anybody [in the recording process]. Kevin Shields is a good example of a guy who should do less drug-taking and recording at the same time. I think he gets caught up in the "ghosts in the machine" process of why things work, and the meaning behind it, and "instinctual" listening and that sort of stuff. He does smoke a lot of pot. I'm not saying that that would be the reason that he's made great music or stopped making music or whatever. For me, if I took LSD right now I would be paralyzed in this chair. I wouldn't be able to do anything, or have any authority over what I was talking about. Even smoking pot raises your doubts about everything—mostly yourself—so I wouldn't suggest it to anybody. It's easier to get high and listen to music than create it. You can easily watch a movie on acid rather than make one on it.

With *The Soft Bulletin* being released so close to last New Year's Eve, some of the lyrics added to my own "Millennium Hysteria." Now that all the Y2K crap is over with, do you still feel that "the sun is gonna be too heavy to lift into the sky?"

I never really looked at that [lyric] as being a millennium apocalyptic thing. I look at them as pertaining to every human. Everybody's gonna go through some situation where they're gonna need some kind of assistance in their hope or their outlook. Music is one of the things that can do that. You can be in a certain mood and hear music and not feel alone anymore. All art can do that: movies, poetry...

Was the "This Here Giraffe" single [a star-shaped CD] actually the first ever shaped CD, like the cover says?

I think I've seen others, but I don't think it's a very good idea. I think your CD player wants a round disc in there. That was more of a novelty purchase than something you would want to play. Actually, that CD was Warner's idea.

Working with Warner Records, whose agenda is, "if you don't make us money, you will be dropped," was dealing with Restless easier?

Not really. I mean, us being the total amateurs that we were, when we walked into Restless Records, that was probably the worst part of that. Restless always gave us a lot of money as well. They gave us $10,000 to make *Oh My Gawd* and that was a lot of money at the time, and they always gave us total freedom. The stress and all that came from just us being utterly naive to everything about the music industry and even about music itself. Warner Bros. has a lot of agendas. I mean, their main one is to make money, but they also want to do great music. They would love nothing better than to release great music and make billions of dollars. People think that they must have some agenda—that they want to push Eric Clapton instead of The Flaming Lips—but they don't. I mean, they put our records out, and they see what the public likes, and they give them more of it. It's like a Doritos commercial. When we signed to Warner Bros. we already understood that. We didn't come at it from a naive point of view, like, "Oh, these corporate assholes are taking our art away from us." We knew going in that they were going to give us money. We supply the music, and they try to make money off it. And that's the deal. It always has been the deal, and bands, frankly, are stupid if they go into it thinking that it's going to be any way else. It's a big business. You can make millions of dollars making music. It's an absurd concept to begin with, to think that a guy like me, who really has no *real* skills—I mean, I have ideas, that's my skill—and these people can come to me and say, "Wayne, you've got some really great ideas, and we think we can make money off them," and I say, "Gosh, what a wonderful world!"

Does using pre-recorded drums make the soundcheck and live show easier since there's one less person to deal with?

Initially you'd think it would, but it's just another... y'know... thing. I think it's better, just cause I like the way the drums sound recorded as opposed to the drum kit you tour around with. You gotta hope that the kit holds up every night. Even if they can take Steven's pounding every night, they're being played in a different room every night. So with a room like this, different drum kit, different microphones, the air temperature, and how many people in the room... all these things affect the way drums sound. So by the time you get to the concert and listen to a drummer, you're really only hearing the compromises of the millions of factors that go into making drums sound good. Of course, on our records we don't have that; we make them sound however we want. For a long time we always struggled with that, 'cause we think that what we're doing with our records is not necessarily performance orientated: it's sound orientated. Steven is a great drummer but a lot of it has to do with the way his drums sound. We're recording artists, and we bring our recordings with us. We do perform to a certain extent, but performance is really kind of down on our list, compared to what we do in the recording studio, which we think is where, if we do shine anywhere, that would be where I feel we would have our best shot at saying, "Look. We're unique. This is where we do our best work." So we decided to just bring the recordings with us and play them live. By the time we got to doing stuff on *The Soft Bulletin*, to do some of those tracks live with real people playing all those things, it was kind of a dilemma because it was starting to compromise what we would do on most songs. Some of the sounds aren't even instruments that people can play. Some are found sounds, a concoction of samples, insects, refrigerators, cars driving down the street. I said, "Who do you think we could get to play the refrigerator for us?" because that's a sound in one of the songs. And you can see how you can use just about anything in the sense of making music. It's really just a bunch of sound that you apply pitches to, and that's how we make our music. It isn't necessarily violins, piccolos, guitars, and drums. So after a while it just occurred to us. We don't have to carry around the musicians—we can carry around our tapes, and we'll sing in front of them, and if that doesn't work we'll think of something else.

One final question: does the wind really come sweeping down the plain in Oklahoma?

It sure as hell does! We get tornadoes for chrissakes! •

wast•rel
1: vagabond, waif
2: one who dissipates resources foolishly and self-indulgently **:** PROFLIGATE

Related Word dissipater, fritterer, idler, loafer, lounger

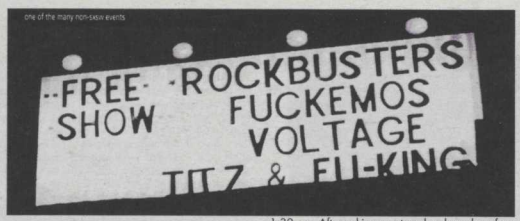
—Merriam-Webster Dictionary

BBQ, TWO DRUNK GUYS FROM SAN DIEGO, AND BEATLE BOB:

A Wastrel's Guide to SXSW by Val Cormier

Every March, Austin, Texas stakes its claim as "Live Music Capital of the World" with a gargantuan conference and festival called SXSW. What started as a regional festival to promote local musical talent has exploded into a week-long triple festival (Film, Interactive, Music) with talent from several continents, franchises (NXNE, NXNW), and wannabes such as New Music West.

I was warned that this is a conference/festival/whatever that's grown too big for its own good in many ways. Small wonder so many locals shun anything stamped "SXSW." But have the industry weasels completely ruined it for the rest of us? My self-appointed mission was to determine whether this was indeed true...



Wed. March 15
11:20 am: First experience with local public transit. For 50 cents a trip, ya git what ya pays fer. Five block walk to bus stop on Manchaca (pronounced "Main-shack") and a long wait, but an air-conditioned ride to downtown, complete with LED read-outs and voice prompts to tell you where in hell, or Austin, you are. Lots to look at: passed the rococo Taco Xpress with large woman's head emerging from building, mini-golf with bunnies and skulls. Sign at car dealership read: "if you have a car you can get a job." Funny, I always thought it was the other way around.
12:05 pm: Jumped off near the Convention Centre to pick up my convention badge, spotted a group of young Japanese who didn't appear to be language exchange students. The one dude in fringed leather jacket and leather pants on a hot day a likely tip-off. Musicians or posers? (Or both?)
12:15 pm: I thought that getting to the Convention Centre near the beginning of badge pick-up time might be a good idea. Apparently not. Passed the 40 min. wait looking for anyone familiar or funny-looking. Spotted the aforementioned Japanese group in the performers' line next to me, also recognized Chip Taylor in same line. He's the dude who wrote "Wild Thing" and he also happens to be Jon Voight's brother. Wished I was in the way shorter S-Z line.
12:45 pm: Joined the crowd in the hall ouside who were purging the conference bags-o-swag. Threw out a shitload of music magazines and ads, still left with a bunch of compilation CDs, keychains, etc. And the all-important conference program or "bible" which contained the music venue listings.
1:30 pm: After asking umpteen locals and conference staff, I finally found the freaking Kinko's, which was only a couple of blocks away, to check my e-mail. Decide there's no way I'm carrying this bag around all night so I get my bearings on 6th Street (axis around which the live music rotates), scarf down a pathetic gyros and hop a bus back to Steve's.
8:00 pm: 6th Street by night! I was told this was a quiet night for the strip because a) first night of festival; and b) spring break at U of T—fewer drunk frat boys than usual. Still, compared to, say, Granville or Robson streets, there was a lot of vibe to soak up. Ran into Jeff from my fave nuclear polka band Brave Combo and congratulated him on their Grammy win.
9:00 pm: Found a seat at the cozy Pecan St. Ale House for Dutch singer-songwriter Michael de Jong, who was creating some buzz as Amsterdam's answer to Tom Waits. Better suited to a rainy winter's night at, say, the Railway, but not a bad set at all. While exiting the venue I run into a couple more members of Brave Combo who were loading in nearby.

Scanned the program and realized I wasn't going to be able to see Richard Buckner, the tribute to Doug Sahm over at Austin Music Hall or even the Damnations TX/Gourds bill over at Stubbs without a lot of walking and/or taxis. Allowed indecision paralysis to strike and contented myself with a stroll up and down 6th, sticking my head in and out of a few venues.
11:00 pm: Decided to park my tired ass at Iron Cactus for rest of night. Ran into a guy I'd chatted with earlier in the evening and we got into the margaritas. A Celtic musician from Spain was a no-show, so the next band up, Little Jack Melody & His Young Turks, got a longer set. Cool trippy lounge-jazz from Denton, TX. Fellow Dentonians Brave Combo were last up, but didn't get started until close to 1:30 because of major tech probs. They still managed to put on a great sweaty set of polkas, Latin, Tex-Mex and more. Mid-set a happy cry of "Beatle Bob!" came from stage.

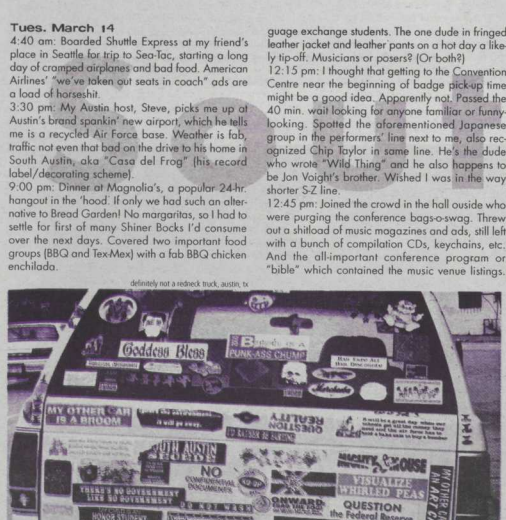
Yo, Beatle Bob! His name has popped up on several internet music lists I'm subbed to. Bigger rep than Nardwuar, better hair than Bryce the Shindig emcee... The story goes that Beatle Bob attends several hundred live gigs a year, in St. Louis, and also hits many music festivals around the US, including SXSW. He's easy to spot with his stylish mod outfits and unique dancing style: always up front, always alone, and always off the band's beat. Bob's musical tastes are wildly eclectic and word is that if he shows up at your gig, you've arrived.
2:00 am: The nazis at the Iron Cactus cut the band's power supply, even though the late start was their fault! With barely a pause, the band unplugged and played on the sidewalk for a couple of numbers, Beatle Bob happily prancing beside them.
2:30 am: Hopped in cab back to South Austin and my lumpy futon.

Thurs. March 16: The Conference
10:30 am: I somehow managed to get in gear and downtown on time for an arranged-by-e-mail breakfast meeting at the fab Las Manitas. Mitch owns an indie label in Burlington, Vermont, talks real fast (understandable for a NYC refugee, I guess) but had some great stories about Ian McLagan (ex-Small Faces), an artist on his roster who's just written a book about his days with Rod the Mod. He picked my brain about Vancouver radio and also picked up the tab.
11:30 am: Mitch and I walked over to the Convention Centre. We'd unfortunately missed the keynote speaker, Steve Earle (who reportedly went on quite the political tangent), so we parted ways to do the Trade Show.

This was definitely the year of the "dot com," and what with Napster and MP3 being all over the news, the music/tech stuff was front and centre. Swag-wise the theme seemed to be mints, mints, mints. A fair amount of free condoms, too—bringing a whole new level of meaning to "schmooze." The CDs were a bit harder to find, but they were there, mostly label compilations and even some from countries like Sweden, Japan, Ireland. I didn't do as well on the elusive invites to after-hours parties; I clearly wasn't high enough up the totem pole as a simple college radio rep.

Here, then, the Val Awards for achievement in tradeshowism:
Best food swag: smoothies at riffage.com.
Runner-up: Pink Hostess thingies, Austin Chronicle.
Coolest non-music booth: Texas Hemp Campaign.
Best clothing swag: orange hat, Burly Bear.
Most useful swag: experience.org's earplugs with case. Wouldn't have survived The Black Halos without 'em.
Runner up #1: Real Jukebox's stress-relief ball.
Runner up #2: NXNW's bottled water.
Best thing you'll never see at a Canadian trade show: free beer! at booths!
Best stickers and chat: Austin City Limits
Lamest attempt to lure customers: Molson Canadian beer at NXNE booth.
3:00 pm: After catching the tail end of a lame panel called "Wake Up America, You're All Dead" (Brits jabbing American technology), I stuck around for a songwriter panel called "How Many Songwriters Does It Take To...", mostly so I could cool my heels and read the paper. Ryan Adams from Whiskeytown, Jim Lauderdale, (big-hair Nashville upstart), Kim Richey and Terry Radigan (more Nashville) talking biz. They finally did pick up guitars to sing, but not before Ryan mysteriously split, which was unfortunate.
4:00 pm: Time to start working da badge. Headed over to one of the afternoon free-food-and-bevvy parties at Club DeVille, sponsored by Doolittle Records. Scarfed back a few Shiners and enjoyed Trish Murphy's set before walking next door to the Caucus Club and a party for the newly-launched Americana Music Association. Kick-ass BBQ and fixins. Mmm, mmm.
9:00 pm: Lack of wheels sucked yet again, and cabs too hard to find this time of night. Had to miss Flybanger, Marah, and Asylum Street Spankers, among others. Took a long walk down to Opal Divine's Freehouse, a nifty outdoor joint. Nifty until the downpour started, that is. Jennyanykind from Chapel Hill, NC was laying down some cool alt. country grooves and I really wanted to see the next act, Hazeldine.

Tues. March 14
4:40 am: Boarded Shuttle Express at my friend's place in Seattle for trip to Sea-Tac, starting a long day of cramped airplanes and bad food. American Airlines' "we've taken out seats in coach" ads are a load of horseshit.
3:30 pm: My Austin host, Steve, picks me up at Austin's brand spankin' new airport, which he tells me is a recycled Air Force base. Weather is fab, traffic not even that bad on the drive to his home in South Austin, aka "Casa del Frog" (his record label/decorating scheme).
9:00 pm: Dinner at Magnolia's, a popular 24-hr. hangout in the 'hood. If only we had such an alternative to Bread Garden! No margaritas, so I had to settle for first of many Shiner Bocks I'd consume over the next days. Covered two important food groups (BBQ and Tex-Mex) with a fab BBQ chicken enchilada.



19 may 2000

a beatle bob sighting on south congress

However, I overheard talk at the sound board of delays, so I scurried over to the nearby Austin Music Hall for some Tejano music.

What an awesome hall: big, cement, and no chairs, but a great sound system and enough bars to handle the crowd. Finally got to experience some of the "Mex" in Tex-Mex, boisterous energy up front for Rick Trevino's band. That group marched on (literally) in army fatigues and proceeded to crank out some of the most kick-ass, funky cumbias and rancheras I've ever heard. I was starting to fade but really wanted to see Los Lobos, so sat through an icky saccharine pop set by Chris Perez.

12:30 am: I was digging Los Lobos less than usual (more tejano and less rock, please) and dead on my feet, so stood outside glaring at the rain and wondering if I'd ever find a cab. Turned out the guys in front of me in the payphone queue had just called one and were willing to share with this damsel in distress.

My two cabmates, Jason and Kyle, write for a new alternative weekly in San Diego. Jason's business card read "Managing Editor/Paranormal Investigator." They were way drunk. But funny drunks, so the ride back to South Austin via a couple of other clubs (we picked up a few more strays) was amusing. Their discovery that I was Canadian (eh?) led to Jason riffing on Kids In the Hall, Bryan Adams, and Strange Brew while Kyle nodded in sidekick agreement. Their mission was to find "strong drinks," which the cabbie took somehow to mean "strip club." Yet more amusing conversation...

1:15 am: Rolled into Casa del Frog and chatted with Kevin So ("America's first Asian-American singer-songwriter") from Boston, who'd arrived in town to play some non-SXSW gigs and was couch surfing chez Steve.

Fri. March 17: St. Patrick's Day

10:20 am: Got a ride with Steve to Kevin Russell's (of Austin band The Gourds) home to tape an interview. Kev gave me a CD-R copy of their upcoming release, by far my best CD score of trip.

11:30 am: Another South Austin pal, Matt, picked me up for lunch. Thought I'd dust off the ole badge and score us some free food and music, but the Experience.org (that ugly-ass building near the Space Needle in Seattle) lunch was pathetic. (Wraps? at Stubbs, home of Austin's finest BBQ? Whatever.) Music wasn't so groovy either, so we headed over to the Austin Java Co. Very Bread Gardenish and healthy, but huge honkin' portions, and only $9US for two.

I'd heard Bloodshot Records was holding a free beer-and-music hoedown just south of downtown, so we headed over to check it out.

The crowds were huge, we'd missed Neko, and the Mekons weren't doin' it for us, so we wandered around some of the funky shops and galleries in that portion of South Congress. Wandered into a big ole cowboy boot/hat/clothing store for the Genuine Texas Experience. Boots out of goat hide? You bet. Found us a pour-your-own keg at an antique store and wandered outside to check out the St. Pat's festivities. (a boisterous oldies band—absolutely no Irish content) Who should show up but Beatle Bob and the attendant frenzy of fans clamouring to have pictures taken with him. Witnessed another of his famous dance steps, the karate kick, which landed mere inches from the bass player's face.

6:10 pm: Was on a bus going somewhere, (unfortunately not Waterloo Park and the Alejandro Escovedo Orchestra/Patti Smith double bill) looked at my daytimer and an entry marked "Atomic Café HH" and completely drew a blank.

6:30 pm: While wandering down 6th, stumbled upon a RealAudio food-n-schmooze gig, bluffed my way in, and got the night's feeding/watering out of the way. Live electronica wasn't too bad as dinner music. Continued on journey eastward and found a huge non-SXSW St. Patrick's Day outdoor fest, complete with the big-ass green foam shamrock hats that one would expect to find in this state.

7:25 pm: Badge paid for itself at last. Just walked past a huge line of wristband plebes at La Zona Rosa to get into Gomez' SRO set. They rocked.

9:00 pm: Vancouver's Black Halos were packing them in at the Sub Pop showcase at Emo's. Felt like I was in a 1979 time warp, but an entertaining warp it was. Billy Hopeless on lead vocals did his best Iggy Pop imitation and deserved an award for Best Use of Microphone Cord as Simulated Drug Paraphernalia. The crowd dug it and so did local press the next day.

10:20 pm: Was wandering around Stubbs after Hank Williams III's pathetic 15-min. set (asshole walked after his amp "wasn't giving enough distortion") when who should I run into but the drunk dudes from San Diego! They amazed me with their clear and politely apologetic recall of the previous night's cab ride. Kyle was still fuming about the size of the cab tab. (Apparently they really only wanted strong drinks, not a wild goose chase to find a late-night strip joint.) Their partner in crime for the evening was Al, a dude who works for mp3.com. Jason introduced me to Al (and everyone else we met that night) as "Val. She's from Canada. She's Bryan Adams' manager." Time for more Shiner!

11:30 pm: During the Supersuckers set somebody spotted a dude with long beard who looked an awful lot like one of the ZZ Top dudes. And indeed he was. Dude seemed quite gracious, polite, and surprisingly able to maintain a low profile, even with the beard. I stood back and chuckled while the boys fell over themselves to have pics taken with him.

12:10 am: Nashville Pussy blasting from the stage and I'm halfway through a 20-min. lineup for the (disgusting) portapotties. Snarled at a coupla chicks who attempted to illegally onramp their way into the queue.

12:30 am: We made our way over to Emo's again: Love As Laughter playing upstairs, Nebula downstairs. The S.D. boys were into the Jack and cokes, but I wasn't gonna play. Sometime before closing I saw a cab pull up outside and took that as my cue to skedaddle back to the shack.

2:00 am: Couch-surfer Kevin rolled in around same time as me so we compared notes on our evenings. He'd done well busking on 6th with his pal Mary Lou Lord. He dumped a small pile of business cards on the coffee table, many of them from A&R reps for Actual Major Labels. Not bad, Kev!

Sat. March 18

12:10 pm: Hemmed and hawed about going to a much-hyped non-SXSW event at the Texicali Grill. Even though it was in South Austin, it seemed easier, in my sleep-deprived state, to get myself downtown. Chilled out in a conference panel called "To Live Is To Fly: The Townes Van Zandt Story." What could've been a great panel with personal reminiscences about one of Texas' songwriting kings

big-ass boot store on south congress, austin

turned out to be a majorly lame blah-blah taken over by Some Agent and Some DJ. However, the free Townes CDs they gave away at the end of the panel made it worth my while.

1:15 pm: Seeing as I was in the neighbourhood, dropped by the Trade Show again to pick up more of the good swag and even got to catch some of Martha Wainwright's set on the acoustic stage. Bonus.

2:00 pm: Heard about a badge-only showcase sponsored by ASCAP and got to Stubbs early enough for some of their freaking amazing BBQ. Most addictive. Sat through some standard singer-songwriter fare of varying quality. Last up was Bob Schneider, leader of several flavour-of-the-month Austin bands and better known as the current beau of Sandra Bullock. I tried to picture Bob playing nude bongos à la her ex-, Matthew McConaughey. Nope, didn't work for me. Bob did have an acerbic wit, some good songs, and managed to diss the sponsor during his short set.

8:00 pm: Decisions, decisions. Modest Mouse and Sebadoh in a big crowded hall, or Neko Case and Her Boyfriends in a (not-so-big) crowded hall? Antone's (famous club which helped spawn careers of Stevie Ray Vaughn, Sue Foley, and others) won. Besides, one SXSW truth is "can't go wrong at Antone's." Indeed.

First up at 9:00 was Anna Fermin's Trigger Gospel, hot alt.country from Chicago. Strange fashion sense (layers upon layers, including a skirt on top of capri pants) but great voice. Cleansing the palate on the predominantly twang-band bill was San Diego's B-Side Players. Funky latin/ska/jazz fusion, made me glad I'd stuck around to save my great spot near the stage for Neko.

Neko and band were up right on time at 11:00. Oops, Neko, you forgot to zip up your dress! Heh, heh. As expected, she rocked the joint and showed us all why she should be the reigning queen of country.

12:00 am: I crunched out of Antone's (major broken glass on floor action) and walked over to Red Eyed Fly to catch their last few bands. On my way down 6th I overheard somebody put into words what I'd been thinking all night: "It ain't the walking, it's the standing on the cement that gets ya." Ran into Jason and Kyle at the Fly, they'd been boozing most of the day with buddies The Dragons and were fairly gone. Claimed they'd hung out for lunch with Alejandro Escovedo, who was a brother of one of the Dragons. "I didn't realize he was so big here in Austin," said Jason. Uh, yeah...

1:00 am: The Dragons rocked, and so did their mosh pit. After the club closed we waited forever for a cab at a nearby hotel lobby and idly chatted. "So, what's the most important contribution Canada's made to the world, Val?" "Uh, I dunno... the Canadarm?" The boyz had passes to Spin magazine's after-hours bash so I left 'em there and continued south. Cannot keep up the pace.

Sun. March 19: full moon windup

11:00 am: My friend Chris, who detests SXSW, saw fit to squeeze me into her busy schedule and picked me up for a thrift-store shopping/margarita run. Handily, both in the same strip mall. As she said, wasn't the cheapest Goodwill in the city, but definitely the best stuff. Dropped a wad of cash, walked out with 3 bags of cool duds plus 4 Texas beer steins.

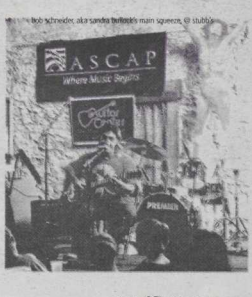
6:00 pm: More margaritas and enchiladas at big, noisy Tex-Mex place called Chuy's with Matt and his posse. Stopped at Matt's briefly in search of some, um, Mexican greenery to prime ourselves for the evening.

9:00 pm: Found the semi-secret location of the monthly South Austin full moon barn dance. No actual barn that I could see, but a hell of a lot of friendly and twisted locals, rough-hewn stage, free buffet ($5 admission went to the bands), byob and much fine music. Headliners were the Gourds, Austin's best live band (as voted by local music critics...think The Band crossed with The Pogues). They, of course, rocked. And so did Beatle Bob, who was front and centre. Beatle Bob and I chatted a bit; he was interested to learn that I was with a college radio station as he's involved with a non-commercial station in St. Louis. Vancouver will be part of his busy road schedule next year for a music convention (Folk Alliance). I'm still wrapping my mind around that one...

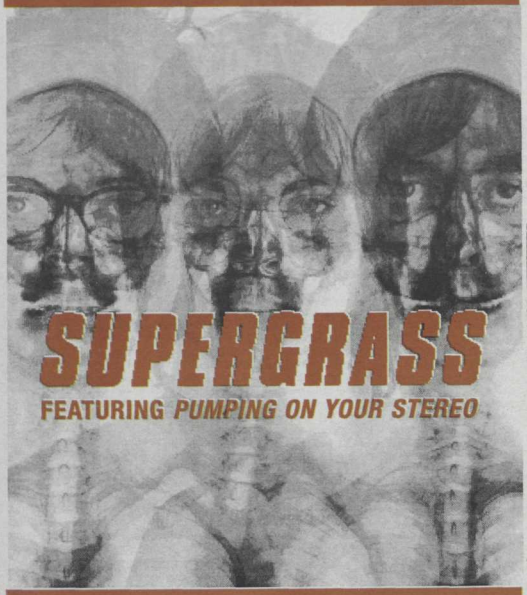
Mon. March 20: homeward bound

5:20 pm: after one last fine feed of BBQ at Green Mesquite, boarded the plane home. Was seated right behind a screaming child. Back to reality. Have the industry weasels spoiled SXSW? Depends. Like Seattle's Bumbershoot festival, there's way too much music in way too short a time, way too many people, and I missed so many acts that I wanted to see. And some of the better venues were too far away from the main 6th St. action. Frankly, you'll get a way better bang for your buck and see a lot more bands at Bumbershoot. But if you worship at the shrines of alt.country, Texas roots rock or indie pop, hell, you'll rarely get to see so many of these bands converging in one place at one time. Besides, everyone deserves to waste time and/or get wasted in Austin at least once in their life. Dem's good beeble.

Next time (should there be one) I'd likely make like the locals and hang out at the non-SXSW events: South by South Lamar, South by So What, Fuck by Fuck You, etc. (many of the SXSW bands play these on their nights off). 6th St. vibe is always gratis, ditto with Beatle Bob sightings, and there's always good BBQ and drunk guys to be found. •



bob schneider, aka sandra bullock's main squeeze, @ stubbs



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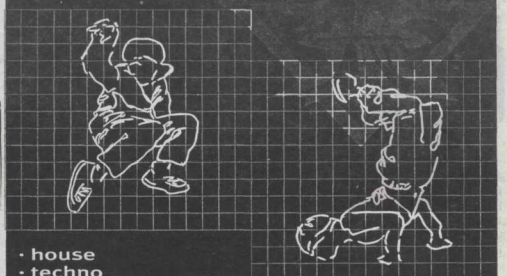

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i hear that our production manager of nearly 3 years has left, or something. i seem to remember him. tall guy with glasses. kept the goddamned magazine from falling apart. never slept. did everyone else's work for them. never got paid a cent. one day he walked off down the hall to the ubyssey and never came back. i don't know who he was, really... some say he was from another world, on a mission to eradicate courier from the universe. it's sad that he's gone; on the bright side, with him out of the picture, discorder can finally become the clothing-optional workspace i've always dreamt it could be.

W I N C H
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Under Review

ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA

THE ANANDA SHANKAR EXPERIENCE AND THE STATE OF BENGAL
The Ananda Shankar Experience
(Realworld)
This **Ananda Shankar** and **State of Bengal** collaboration is a brilliant, creative blending of Indian classical music with driven electronic breakbeats and hip-hop. The Ananda Shankar/State of Bengal experience is a stunning journey into the fusion of soul which creates a hypnotic atmosphere of tranquility and spiritual clarity. The music is an erotic seduction for the inquisitive intellect.

The musical project is a tribute album to the late Ananda Shankar, who passed away after the completion of this enigmatic effort. Ananda's music opens up new possibilities for the senses, adding eclectic insight to our cluttered, busied surroundings. It was a poignant musical review that I truly treasured, and I sincerely recommend to those who need a good spiritual kick to the head.

Ananda Shankar was quoted as saying: "My dream is to break barriers, any kind of barrier—thorough music, love, affection and compassion. I have this dream of musicians from all over the world playing for an audience all over the world. When we are all here we are one and when we go out I am sure we will all be one." This collaborative artistic mastery is an example of that philosophy; hence, it is also the perfect ambient background noise to have sex to! Trust me on this one.

Howie Choy

ANOTHER JOE
Plasti-Scene
(Smallman)
I listened to local punk scientists **Another Joe**'s sophomore spine tingler ten times before getting to the fifth track. Can you get ADD from watching pro wrestling a lot? Upon listen number 11, I'm happy to report it was all my fault. These days you can't do much with three instruments, but happily, like Fat Wreck-ers **No Use For a Name**, Another Joe honestly writes great songs. These are all good conflict tunes (Me vs. Chick... vs. the Man...vs. God) with constantly changing time signatures and surprisingly flowing melodic lines. Kudos to Jon, the drummer, who, like all great drummers, supplies the foundation with concrete precision. One suggestion, though: Allison, take the mic more and show up the boys a bit.

Chris-o-riffic

ARLING AND CAMERON
Music for Imaginary Films
(Emperor Norton)
The future is now. The future was yesterday. I saw the future last time I was at yer momma's house. The future was cooler in the past. Like 20 years ago when we were kids. Everything is supposed to be spacey and run by robots now, but the closest we've got to it is **Arling and Cameron**. They're clever, and every song has robots or a lunar groove. Every song is awesome and makes me wanna be a spacey spy girl and run around on shag carpet while my boyfriend waits outside in his groovy, orange car. The songs are obviously made for non-existent films but they manage to get that enchanting feeling you get from good soundtracks. This album is cooler than you'll ever be able to be, myself included, so acquire it so you can be a hipster.

tesla van halen

BUCK 65
Vertex
(4 Ways to Rock)
This album gets the award for the most uneven album I've ever listened to. If hip-hop is one specific thing, it's a compelling selection of grooves—sometimes a single groove. **Buck 65**, the "Maritimes miracle," raps about a well-endowed centaur. How cool is that? His rhymes are so interesting that I hate to knock him, but there are too many stops and starts and too much dead air. And I hate answering machine dialogue, à la **Kathleen Hanna** to **Mike Watt**. What's the point? All that aside, give it a listen. He's got some interesting beats, especially when he manipulates that high pitched rising tone that starts all my old heavy metal cassettes.

Chris-o-riffic

BURNING MASK
Burning Mask
(Interchill)
This marks Neil Sparkes' first project with Interchill, and it's a good one. Count Dubullah and Sparkes join forces to produce an album which the Count himself comes in on several tracks to help with instrumentation. From the start, one can feel the Afro-Cuban vibes mixed in with a sometime subversive club sensibility. The spoken word found in several tracks, however, left something wanting, and I felt like it wasn't really necessary. I'd go so far as to say that it was distracting. The highlights of the album are mainly from the percussive tracks, which are tight and guaranteed to make someone bust out in moves they thought they never had. I've become a little weary of "world" dance music—I find that much of it is gimmick-ridden rather than sincere, but this album succeeds well and comes up with a rich sound of its own. It's also worth mentioning that the packaging is beautifully done and displays the abstract artwork of Sparkes himself. The liner notes also contain a short but thought-provoking commentary by Stephen Wilkinson on the history of Cuba in the latter half of the twentieth century. With the percussion influenced by Cuban music, it might be easy to quickly shelve this with all of those other "world dance" records, but I think that there are things on this album that deserve a little extra attention.

Samuel Kim

CADALLACA
Out West
(Kill Rock Stars)
GUIDED BY VOICES
Hold on Hope
(TVT)
Two short EPs that leave the listener entertained but somewhat unsatisfied. Two discs which remind us that credibility does not necessarily imply creativity and that the line between alternative and merely unpopular is perilously thin.

Cadallaca is something of a post riot grrrl summit, featuring, as it does, Corin from **Sleater-Kinney** and singer-songwriter **Sarah Dougher**. Their sound marries SK's ragged edginess with Dougher's haunting torchiness.

This four-track improves on their Calvin Johnson-produced debut *Introducing...* where the two elements watered each other down more often than not. On the title track here they ferment into a potent swampy brew.

Sadly, the rest of the tracks don't live up to the opener's promise. Moreover, the EP as a whole hints at unfulfilled potential. One suspects that Cadallaca could be ripping up boy rock conventions like a heartbroken **Le Tigre** if they set their minds to it. Top marks for the cover, though, which features the girls in Old West honky-tonk garb.

Top marks, too, for **Guided By Voices**' conciseness. *Hold on Hope* manages to pack nine tracks into 20 minutes. If only this unconventional approach to duration was applied to every aspect of their songs. Coming from a band with a reputation for lo-fi quirkiness, this is a disappointingly slick (produced by Rick Ocasek from **The Cars**) and straight-ahead effort. The set opens in an imaginative vein with clever ideas and strong emotions to the fore, then descends, via some solid indie rock, into the late Beatles power-ballad pointlessness of the title track.

One could argue that these tunes are album cast-offs and not the best looking in point for GBV neophytes. So why release them? There's a lot of music out there, and the people responsible for both these discs have enough talent that they shouldn't let their voices get lost in the din.

Sam Macklin

DJ CHEB I SABBAH
Maha Maya
(Six Degrees)
Seems like there's been a buzz around this DJ lately. This is the remix album from *Shri Durga*, and unfortunately, I must confess my weakness here and admit that I haven't listened to the original. To truly review a remix album, it's important to understand what it came from, but on the other hand, if it's a really good remix, it should stand on its own without a reference to its original. The influence of world beat is obvious from the cover artwork to the generous portions of sitar solos and vocals. The drum beats and samples fit in relatively well, but I can't help but wonder if I'm interested in the music because of its original mixture of styles or because of the "novelty" of the subcontinental vibe. **The State of Bengal** remix is interesting, but after a while, the album doesn't seem to drift off of this path, and it leaves me wanting something more.

Samuel Kim

THE DRAGS
Set Right Fit to Blow Clean Up
(Estrus)
Hot damn, **The Drags** are back, baby! Outta the barn and into the speakers of any self-respecting lover of amped-up, twisted-up, punked-up tunage is where this platter should matter! Effects galore courtesy of new Drag team member Scott add extra oomph to an already potent batch, and drummer Ron lays a backbeat of monstrous proportions to songs like "This is the Sound of Hard Rock" and "Blacklight." Hey, they even make a **Led Zep** song ("Communication Breakdown") sound cool! Lay this wax down and get back 'cuz the Drags are set right fit to blow clean up!

Bryce Dunn

GIANT SAND
Chore of Enchantment
(Thrill Jockey)
Head down south, get yourself a front porch on a deserted street in Tucson, and you'll be muttering into a 4-track in no time too. Invite Howe Gelb, Joey Burns and John Convertino over, and your album will sound like this: sparse, arid pop with twangs of alt country and a trace of noise that is melancholic but catchy; all songs suitable for that slack time between late afternoon and early evening.

Giant Sand fans will note *Chore* sounds a lot like *Purge and Slouch*, and more than a little bit like Howe's recent solo release *Hisser*. Joey and John are still the tightest rhythm section in the southwest, and Juliana Hatfield sings backups on "Temptation of Egg," which also features a Wurlitzer riff that Beck must be dying to sample. The five-second snippets between songs are like a party overheard from next door, and when you wander over the next day to hear the whole song you find Howe playing to an audience of empty beer bottles. So what does it all mean? From the dedication to recently deceased Rainer Ptacek to the wedding photos in the sleeve, *Chore* is all about friends present and friends lost. Howe Gelb is, as always, maddeningly obscure; but *Chore* is Giant Sand's most beautiful and accessible recording to date.

Anna Friz

GUS GUS
vs. t-world
(4AD)
This is the brainchild of three of the nine members of **Gus Gus**. As Anthony Monday put it in last month's Under Review, Gus Gus makes that "it-feels-like-I'm-floating-and-isn't-it-beautiful" music. In all fairness though, it is an impressive album that works equally well on and off the dance floor. There are lush washes of sound throughout which build up at a relaxed tempo. I had to listen to this one a couple of times through before talking about it because the sound just seemed to pass through me. I didn't notice the album was over until two minutes after the fact. This album seems to prove Gus Gus' versatility for both the mainstream and club markets. If you were a fan of *This Is Normal*, and you want another catchy tune like "Ladyshave," you're not going to find it here. That suits the rest of us just fine.

Samuel Kim

THE MAKERS
Rock Star God
(Sub Pop)
Oh boy, are people gonna get nervous over this one... If you thought their last LP was a departure, then *Rock Star God* is over and out if you know what I mean. Long time **Makers** fans (like myself) will really have to give this a good listen to see what the heck is going on here. I'm still trying to wrap my head around it. Groove laden rockers are mixed with symphonic strings; heartfelt ballads shoulder up to funky instrumentals—it's a big ol' mess, hence they are calling it a "conceptual recording." I'd like to see how this holds up in a live setting, but until then, listen at your own risk. These Makers are charting the new course for Rock.

Bryce Dunn

MARK HARRINGTON
Trash Icon
(TEA)
In the zany land of computer technology, anyone can put out a CD. Now, one would think that it's great that anyone who can afford a computer can also release to the world his or her musical inspirations. It's sorta like the zine world: anyone who can figure out a photocopier can create a zine. And, as in the world of zines, there are some great releases and some really shitty ones. Unfortunately, Harrington's musical rantings are much like that of a 15-year old white punk boy putting out his first zine. This translates to music that is boring, repetitive and done a million times before. *Trash Icon* is bad, pseudo-electronic rock. Yuck.

tesla van halen

LOOPER
The Geometrid
(Sub Pop)
Remember the last **Looper** album? I do. I bought it, took it home, and played it some. The first few times, it sounded pretty cute. Soon, unfortunately, cute became nauseating, as I got sick and tired of hearing the same little Woody Woodpecker noise in every single song. I traded my Looper album in. So did more than a few others, it must be said. Good riddance to bad cute.

I'm not quite sure why, but I got excited when I got a promo of the new album. Boy, was that a waste of energy. This one gets tired before it hits track three. Maybe I'm not in the mood for cute these days (I doubt that, though, as I'm ALWAYS up for cute!), but this hurt to listen to. If Stuart David's "intellectual" spoken word pieces accompanied by annoying samples are supposed to make me happy, they fail. I don't need to hear samples of a modem. I don't need any of this junk!

Some of us got conned the first time around. Let's not be fooled again—don't bother with the hype that is Looper. Why this *poor smart boy left* **Belle and Sebastian** to do his own thing is a mystery to me, but let's all make him regret it! Let's all be Looper party poopers!

Jackie

THE KINGSBURY MANX
The Kingsbury Manx
(Overcoat)
Nice, quiet, and melancholy indie rock à la **Elliott Smith** or **Bedhead** with a bit more complexity. Their lovely little guitar parts mix with sad vocal harmonies and smooth tones, a great-sounding organ and some strings here and there to make for a whole bunch of very well done songs to reminisce by. Sure, all the songs sound alike by the end of the record, but you'll be too busy with your own thoughts to care. The perfect music to soothe those rainy springtime homework blues.

Chris C.

THE MODERNIST
Explosion
(Matador)
Jorg Burger hails from electronic music's spiritual home, Germany, the country that brought us **Stockhausen**, **Kraftwerk** and so much more. His background on the fringes of Teutonic techno and the chosen moniker for this project suggest uncompromising avant gardism, while *the album's title hints at uproar* and untamed energy.

In fact, this is a collection of polite, clean-cut tech-house. The overall sound is reminiscent of the sort of lithe, swinging techno pioneered by the awesome **Super_Collider**, only without the pioneering. Whereas the English duo tear up the dance floor with all manner of off-kilter glitches and mutating sound morphs, Burger doesn't let anything disrupt the flow of his liquid grooves.

There's nothing wrong with that if it's well done, and Jorg's programs are immaculately tasteful and groovy. The best stuff here sounds like an urbane version of **Richie Hawtin**'s most bloody-minded kicks 'n' loops. The tracks are built on insistent repetition of delicate synth figures atop light-footed four-to-the-floor beats.

And yet they never build up enough steam to suggest much in they way of danceability, which leaves the question of where exactly this fits into the pantheon of contemporary electronic dance music. Want tearing, infectious beats? Try **Aphrodite**. Need cutting edge digital innovations? Check out **The Third Eye Foundation**. Bit of both? **Basement Jaxx**. Got some trendy electronica snobs coming round for a dinner party? Hey, I've got just the record for you!

Kidding aside, *Explosion* is a very pleasant sound to have in your room. It perhaps qualifies for **Brian Eno**'s original definition of ambient: background music which isn't bland or one-dimensional.

Sam Macklin

MONEEN
Smaller Chairs for the early 1900s
(Smallman)
A friend highly recommended this band to me, so I figured they would at least have some good ol' screaming fits, noisy feedbacking guitars, and/or tongue-in-cheek lyrics about sunken ships or train wrecks or other such subjects which I enjoy hearing songs about. But alas, with **Moneen**, it was not to be. I'm trying my very best not to bash them, but it's so damned hard! Okay, calm down. Look at the positives here: if you like that **Texas is the Reason** kind of rock, or any of the bands on those *Emo Diaries* compilations on Deep Elm Records, Moneen are probably just as good as any of those bands. They do what they do well—energetic, melodic, guitar power-chord songs. But honestly, the genre of music that they play annoys the hell out of me these days. Moneen's repetitive, predictable-as-hell song structures and lyrics about being lonely, heartbroken, pimple-popping boys make me want to wring their necks more and more as each song goes by. Still, I do remember a time when I would have probably really enjoyed this EP, and therefore I suggest that you ignore the last few sentences of this review and give a listen to Moneen.

Chris C.

PANOPLY ACADEMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS
Concentus
(Secretly Canadian)
Panoply Academy makes no sense. I suspect a crack pipe was involved in the making of this album. There is nothing stable, nothing to hold onto in their songs. No choruses, no melodies, no time signature, no nothing. Bars are repeated a couple of times, and then everything changes and nothing returns.

The strange thing is that the music's not atonal or even discordant. It's the rhythm changes that mess me up. And the vocals: they're not singing, they aren't talking, I don't know what the hell.

Perhaps I should let them explain themselves: "it's a distraction of the worst sort, that's entertainment."

Christa Min

PATRICK PHELAN
Songs of Patrick Phelan
(Jagjaguwar)
Death to doubled vocals. I'll never understand the appeal of hearing the same voice multiplied. This practice should burn in hell along with all the wah-wah pedals. That said, **South** member **Patrick Phelan**'s solo debut is otherwise quite nice. The guitars are clean, the snare is crisp, and the melodies are easy listening—er, I mean easy to listen to. Okay, I'll tell you the truth. I don't particularly like this album. But that doesn't mean that you shouldn't listen to it. I know a lot of you will just love Phelan, especially the growing hordes of **Elliott Smith** fans. Phelan, at times, sounds like Smith's brother, but he's at his best when he doesn't sound like him. "That's English For Steal," the album's best track, features an enjoyable muted cornet solo, and there's no sign of an Elliott influence… well, except for the similarity in their voices…

Don't let me stop you. Take a listen. You'll probably like it.

Christa Min

SCRITTI POLITTI
Anomie & Bonhomie
(Virgin)
Even in the wake of Y2K, **Scritti Politti** hold true to their eighties roots. The only difference is that what was cutting edge in 1985 now feels a little dated. For a comeback album, however, *Anomie & Bonhomie* sounds surprisingly relevant. You get an eclectic mix here: b-girl rap songs with brit-pop choruses, straight up pop songs with hip-hop interludes, **Prince**-y basslines, white reggae à la **UB40**, and guest appearances by the likes of **Me'shell Ndegeocello** and **Mos Def**, all replete with this ever-present and lingering George Michael vibe, but in a good way. Nothing groundbreaking, but *Anomie & Bonhomie* is the first brit-pop/hip-hop/disco hybrid I've ever heard and, unlike **Limp Bizkit** et al., pulls off the trendy genre hopping rap thing with a little bit of credibility intact. Until **Deee-Lite** decides to make their comeback, I'll be content listening to this.

godfrey j. leung

SINCLAIRE
Moma's Boy
(Independent)
Four nice boys from Ontario make an album and they even say thank you to "all moms

LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is July 15, 2000.

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everywhere" in the liner notes. Well, I can't say anything bad about that. I can't really say anything bad about the guitar work on this album either—beautifully melodic, fitting in nicely with the poetry of the lyrics. I imagine that some may find track titles like "the wind is the sound of the crying" a bit too melodramatic, but it works fine for me. My only minor complaint would be the aggressive vocals which just don't seem to resonate with the vulnerability and emotion of the lyrics. Great stuff, and I'm happy to say that it made it to the esteemed position of its own sleeve in my "personal favourites" Case Logic binder.

Samuel Kim

SONIC YOUTH
Goodbye 20th Century (SYR4)
(5mells Like)

The greatest thing about SY is that you know that they're light years ahead of you. Just when I got used to the dreamy instrumental and feedback lull of their last two CDs and the previous three SYR releases, they come out with this. Their latest masterpiece has them taking on avant-garde composers with a little help from their entourage, among them **Jim O'Rourke** and **Wharton Tiers**. The most notable of the composers they tackle are **John Cage** (not to be mistaken with **John Cale**), fluxist **George Marciunas**, and **Yoko Ono**. Even while looking to the past, SY seems to be blazing a trail unlike any band in the mainstream, past or present, into the future. This Eliot-like paradox is apparent even in the title, a valediction, which carries with it connotations both of looking back and moving forward. Between the past and the future falls **Sonic Youth**.

godfrey j. leung

SUGAR SHACK
Get Out of my World
(Estrus)

Good god, have I been waiting a long time for this! Now the time is here, and I have in my greasy mitts the latest chapter in the testimonial to stripped down, bare bones, wham-bam-thank-you-Houston garage rock 'n' roll. My life was forever changed after seeing this five piece wrecking crew at Garageshock '97, and after witnessing the 6 ft. plus singer lead the charge with the very petite female drummer beating the living crap out of her kit, I immediately shelled out some dough for their last LP, *5 Weeks Ahead of My Time*. Their follow up here displays the same dangerous charms with simple but catchy-as-hell hooks, dueling guitar wizardry, and tough-as-nails vocals telling tales of girls gone bad ("My Girl, the Vampire"), the world gone mad ("Get Out of My World"), and having no money and being sad ("Mr. Lotto Man"). Like a pack of wild dogs, this bunch packs a bite, so beware of the Shack, Jack!

Bryce Dunn

TIED + TICKLED TRIO
EA1 EA2
(Drag City)

EA1 EA2 is exciting. Reeds meet wires. Loops create warmth. And the secret is Johannes Enders. His tenor sax seems to move the electronic; it feels as if the rhythms (although very stable in actuality) are dynamic. The harmonies are rich, and Enders' solos are emotive. **TTT** have created a cyborg—half human, half machine, near perfect.

Christa Min

VIOLENT FEMMES
Viva Wisconsin
(Beyond Music/BMG)

I was rather upset that I wasn't able to snatch **Kid Koala** from the review bin, and so, in my dismay, I picked up **The Violent Femmes**. Yes, that makes perfect sense, I know. It still amazes me that I picked this up because I've become a little tired of all of the greatest hits, b-sides and live albums which have become so popular as of late. What is even more frustrating about these albums is that you can tell that a lot of them are just thrown out to the market because nothing new is going on in the studio. It's funny, then, that this happens to be a live album featuring all of the Femmes' greatest hits along with a couple of their lesser-known tunes. Sigh. I fell into the trap again, but I guess what drew me in was the little excerpt on the sleeve, "October 25-31, 1998 Violent Femmes did an acoustic tour of their home state of Wisconsin. Two guitars, two drums, and three voices. Femmes back to basics, no over-dubbing, no electronics, no crap." I mean, with an intro like that, surely it deserves a listen at least.

Glad to say, the band was in fine form, and I enjoyed it. Despite the sparse instrumentation of the trio along with The Horns of Dilemma helping out every once in a while, the songs don't come out weak and empty. Gano, Ritchie, and Hoffman deliver without disappointment, and the brief moments of improvisation are particularly appreciated. All that frustration, angst, energy, and fun that mark them are clearly evident in this album. This album is probably better than the previous greatest hits compilation *Add It Up* since the song selection seems to be better representative of the band. Okay, so it's not Kid Koala, but it's a fine Femmes album. It's probably good for anyone who's been following them since the '80s or who has wanted to finally give in and figure out why people like these three boys from Wisconsin.

Samuel Kim

what we listened to: big black, american music club, pussy galore, sex gang children, vitapup, st. etienne, treepeople, dave douglas, rudimentary peni, jefferson airplane, beechwood sparks, mouse on mars, v/a *gimme indie rock*, v/a *wwf aggression*, current 93

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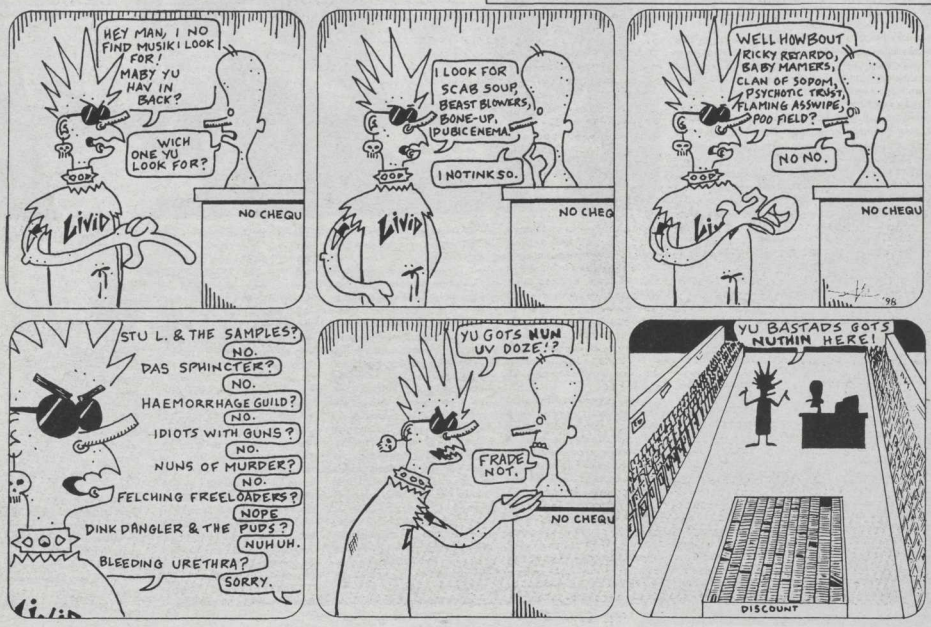


Real Live Action

LIVE MUSIC REVIEWS

KOKORO DANCE
X-Roads
Wednesday, March 8
Firehall Arts Centre

The lights go up on ten motionless individuals. Bare-chested and whitened up, they remain rooted to the spot but begin to move their arms and upper torsos. As the speed and intensity increase, I feel as if I'm watching a field of hyper-caffeinated pussy willows. The shapeless soundscape fades, to be replaced by driving percussion with gulping tabla undertones, and the dancers begin a movement sequence which culminates in a muscular riff on temple dance. As they repeat it over and over, they align themselves to face downstage, expressions impassive but so full of intent. It's like being charged by a herd of Vishnus. They're on a journey, and tonight's biggest surprise will be that they often move very fast.

In the past, Kokoro Dance has defined itself—and by extension, Butoh—with slow tortured movement. One of the many payoffs to watching them perform has been the revelations that spill through the cracks in your own endurance.

In their latest work, directors Barbara Bourget and Jay Hirabayashi have expanded the company's vocabulary to embrace truly beautiful configurations of dancers as well as classical ballet—which would seem, in a sense, to be the direct antithesis of the internally motivated Butoh. Even the humour is closer to the surface. Dancers execute pretty footwork and fluffy lifts upstage while the rest of the group thunders anxiously across the foreground.

But with Kokoro, nothing is ever superficial. The cast of *X-Roads* is simply working that slow-burn Kokoro magic in a more recognizable human context. A territorial war is played out in a duet of fabulous back and forth shoulder rolls. An exhausting pas de deux ends with the couple tenderly snuggling down to sack out like two spoons. From one section to the next, the piece went though more changes in dynamics than the company has probably done in the rest of its repertoire combined. Robert Rosen's compelling music and Gerald King's lighting made every stage of their journey a palpably different place.

They still gave us those classic Butoh moments: in a frightening solo, Hirabyashi seemed to be downloading the entire contents of his psyche through his body and face. And whenever the dancers sank to the floor, they became a mass of straining flesh—a hypnotic collection of thighs gleaming through sweat-diluted body paint.

When it was over, the theatre was vibrating with what they had just done. One wonders what it would have been like to see this hooped.

Penelope Mulligan

DESTROYER
THE SECRET THREE
PIPEDREAM
Friday, March 24
Marine Club

People, you gotta love the *Vancouver Special* compilation. If you don't, you ought to move far, far away, and just try and find yourself a music scene as good as ours. Not up for the challenge? Okay, then it's time you learn about what our fine city has to offer musically. We've got this hip band, made up of the "popular kids of indie rock," originally from the beautiful suburb of Richmond, called **Pipedream**. They work to incorporate all kinds of fantastic sounds into an instrumental forum. They're smart, and a little bit arty. They sound good in small places like the Marine Club.

There's this other band, **The Secret Three**, who are commonly (or is that supposed to be secretly?) known as the hottest band in Vancouver. This threesome is actually a foursome, post-rockin' it with a sonic twist, and they sound better and better every time they play. Who knows how far the goodness will go? At this show, guitarist Nic Bragg even went so far as to sing on one song, and the result was complete crowd meltdown. No kidding. The Secret Three are that hot.

Lastly, the spotlight falls on **Destroyer**. If there was ever a band who could make Vancouver be noticed by the music community for the right reasons, this is it. Dan Destroyer has some of the finest musicians in his little organization, and together they make beautiful music. You may need to break your ears in to best enjoy this sort of musicality, but it's worth the effort. The set performed this night was one of the finest I have seen.

Julie

JERK WITH A BOMB
THE RADIO
TREMOLO FALLS
Saturday, March 25
The Marine Club

This was one in a series of gigs put on to promote *Vancouver Special*, a local music compilation released to raise money for an AIDS charity. **Tremolo Falls**' contribution to that disc is nice but suggests they might be one of those po-faced post-**Mogwai** instrumental rock bands who plod endlessly through dreary **Slint** pastiches. It turns out that TF do the surging, atmospheric thing really well and even dare to imbue their songs with old-fashioned things like energy and vocals. Their set undulated between quirky **Pavement**-esque songs and slow-building instrumentals. In both modes, aesthetic sense, intelligent inventiveness and improvisational verve were all readily apparent. Still hardly original stuff, but well above average. Unfortunately, it seems the Falls have split up and only got back together to play this one last gig.

Let's hope **The Radio** follow their lead. It seems meanspirited to slag a local act but good will can only go so far. A band operating around a notion of tongue-in-cheek retro cool taken entirely from Austin Powers movies would try the patience of the most tolerant critic. Their '60s-styled easy-pop ditties horribly conflate irony with sarcasm. Not sophisticated enough to suggest it's ironic that a group of intelligent college kids should choose to sound so cheesy, they aim for "so bad it's good" status. How else could you explain the ham-fisted stumbling from chord to chord and three-way harmonies in which everyone is off key? One song contained a "bum, bum, bum, bum..." refrain sung entirely with bum notes. Now that's irony. Sorry guys, I'm sure you're lovely people.

Which is more than I can say for **Jerk with a Bomb**, who fairly radiated malevolence. Great! Whereas TF were good and The Radio bad, these Jerks showed us the ugly mark of real talent. They gave an astonishingly forceful and confident performance that put them on a whole new level from the other bands on the bill. Moreover, they presented a sound all their own, making comparisons hard to come by.

Perhaps The Bomb are a Canadian **Ween**, with their idiosyncratic two-piece line-up, bad metal/good country obsessions, sly nastiness, eclectic/unfashionable influences... But that doesn't capture their widescreen country-punk sound, which swings along on a free-wheeling strum 'n' twang chassis shot through with LOUD rasping vocals and shards of dissonant keyboard. The Silo and One Easy Skag do for country-rock what **The Pogues** did for Irish folk and **The Bad Seeds** do for torch song— soak it in punky bile and boozy dysfunction.

The boys can't be as angry and inebriated as they appear, though. After all, they were nice enough to contribute to that charity compilation. Now, the least you can do is buy it.

Sam Macklin

FLAMING LIPS
BEANS
Saturday, March 25
Commodore

I wasn't planning on going to this show. Honestly, I'm more of a Luke Meat fan than I am a **Flaming Lips** fan. So I was unprepared—no earplugs, no drugs.

The Commodore stage is the size of a God-damned basketball court, but the Flaming Lips loaded it with so much equipment that **The Beans** couldn't even fit their drum-kit on it. Amongst the electronic warehouse there was a television, a giant screen, and a mother of a gong. I'll admit to being mesmerized by the lip-synching TV, broken strings, smoking pedals—and that riff was implanted in my head like a bomb. The Beans are the best band in Vancouver.

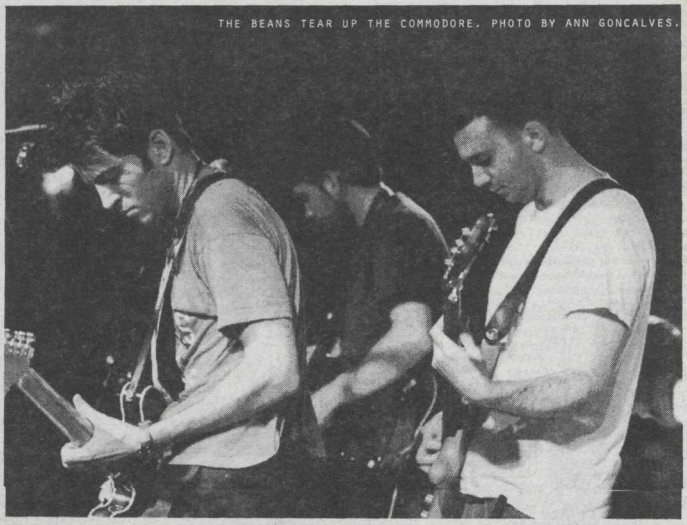
Christa Min

TRENCHANT
ARTHUR ELLIS 3000
SEX IN SWEDEN.
Friday, March 31
Brickyard

I had never seen any of these bands before and last time I went to the Brickyard to see bands unknown to me, I was so bored I ended up making the biggest ass of myself. But I won't digress and, really, anyone that knows me at all wouldn't be surprised anyway. However, this time I was so entertained I stayed at my own table all evening.

Very first up was **Sex In Sweden**. I had promised them that if they dedicated every single song to me I would get them the cover of *DiSCORDER*. (I guess I still did manage to make an ass of myself after all.) Luckily for me, they missed a song—I doubt our beloved editrix would have gone for that on any level. But they were good and for some random reason one of them played their entire set wearing a pair of skis. It was pretty funny that he kept falling into the drum kit. Now, to be honest, I prefer when they sound more like old, old **Descendents** or **Dag Nasty** and less when they sound like the **Day-Glo Abortions**. I guess that's just 'cause I prefer poppy to butt-crack rock. But they were very entertaining otherwise.

I just don't understand



THE BEANS TEAR UP THE COMMODORE. PHOTO BY ANN GONCALVES.

20 may 2000

DJ ARIEL AT "FULL CLIT" WOMEN IN HIP-HOP SHOWCASE AT THE CHAMELEON. PHOTO BY BARB CHOIT.

Arthur Ellis 3000. I mean I understand what their name means but I just can't see the appeal. And I know I shouldn't talk shit about the dead (it was the band's last show) but I just can't help it. Since it was their last show you don't actually have to worry about whether you're going to see them or not but Jesus, I wish I didn't. I'm told they're "Prague Rock" but I had hoped that style had died in 1987. Musically, everyone is talented. They know how to play their instruments and the like. But really, I found the vocals to be soooooooper annoying and the singer made hand gestures throughout every song. It was distracting and irritating. I did however appreciate that they did an **AC/DC** cover. Always a bonus. But they're not together anymore anyway.

Before I went to the show all my ska friends warned me that **Trenchant** might suck, however they didn't really. There were definitely pros and cons to Trenchant. They have this second wave ska sound à la **Madness**, which I'm, not a huge fan of. I prefer my ska to either sound like **Toots** or **Mephiskaphales**. Technically they weren't my favorite. I was disappointed they don't have a real horn section, just a saxophone and sometimes the singer played trombone. Horn sections are my favorite part. Although I didn't love them, they were the only band that night that got the kids dancing. That says a lot, they were obviously catchy enough to make the gang happy. It was just my snobby perceptions of ska that made me like them less. I think I'll go see 'em again

tesla van halen

LTJ BUKEM
LOGICAL PROGRESSION
Monday, April 3
Sonar

LTJ Bukem didn't show; immigration debacle, studio pressure or alien abduction? But Blame came, and DRS, and Rantoul the Geordie, with boxes of records I've been waiting to hear all my life.

10 years ago, **LTJ Bukem** (as in Danno) sold tapes of his mixes for a fiver at Camden Town Tube. He pulled together a posse of hip hop geeks, Blame among them, and formed Good Looking Records. Ducking the major labels, they sent the beautifully boxed *Earth* and *Progression Sessions* disks around the world.

On April 3rd, 00, Blame spun a stunning set at Sonar as a digital clock projected 11:11 above our heads. This is the music *Star Trek* sought when they strummed future hippie tunes in one embarrassing episode. Here, in the future, the sub bass rumbles through us, slow as smoke and wide as that warship in *Independence Day*. Phasers shoot, strings vibrate and Fender Rhodeses ignite. Coke-crazed cymbals and gamelan clash: the Force on shrooms.

The DJs spun in darkness too dim to read the labels on their t-shirts and caps. DRS braced against the wall and bent into the mike, the voice inside.

This is music of the body. It is felt. People dance in a trance. Some skank on the reggae bass line. Some melt with the melody, sway in jungle heat, floating on chimes and sweeps and eeps. Some are animated by the mad train beats; *Koyanisquoatsi*-fast motion, like a martial art, they fling swirls of energy out while endorphins kick in.

Blame was a master, laying grooves from fresh acetate, no disks with a label, scratching in bleeps, raising the pulse up and then down. I blissed out dancing. In the words of Faithless, "This is my church. This is where I heal my hurts for tonight, God is a DJ."

Adam Henderson

LUNA
Thursday, March 30
Starfish Room

There's been a movement to suppress straight white male poets... and while that is fine and dandy and I understand the theory behind it, don't let "them" come anywhere near **Luna**—Dean Wareham to be exact. Listening to him made me want to get in an 18-wheeler truck and experience the joy of the open road; the poetry of being male and American and sensitive and free. Talk about instantaneous crush... maybe that's why I liked the show so much. The place was mostly filled with angsty yet sensitive late-20-something guys who were all speaking, as if through osmosis, in the same honey-filled voice as Dean. I was in crush heaven.

It wasn't just the crushes. The band played an awesome set, too, despite the fact that bassist Justin Harwood was missing, replaced by a (thankfully) equally-talented gal whose name I didn't pick up. Perhaps I was too busy being melted by Dean's liquid vocal poetry...he could have been singing about cat pee and I would have loved it.

Julie C and I enjoyed the concert so much we skipped to the merchandise booth to grab a copy of their new CD—*The Days of Our Nights*—but, alas, some chick beat us out and got the last one. Damn her and her bad hair too...but it was okay, because we had a great time, and watched an awesome band do what bands do best—entertain and leave you with a little bit of poetry to curl up with when you get home.

Anthony Monday

MURDER CITY DEVILS
DANKO JONES
THE CATHETERS
Friday, April 7
The Brickyard

I have seen **The Murder City Devils** an awful lot of times. I go because they put on amazingly good live shows. Last time they were here, they stunk. I had faith that this time would be better, and that faith paid off. While others stayed at home, whining about shows passed, I saw what had to be one of the Devils' best Vancouver performances. Score one for me.

Those folks who stayed home, however, did not have to spend an hour listening to stupid **Danko Jones** as he strutted his nothing-stuff. Score one for them. The tie-breaker? **The Catheters**. Young musicians in tight pants always make my day, even when they look straight off the football field. These jocks could rock, and they made the night that little bit more interesting. The Catheters don't really do anything amazing onstage. They have this creepy-looking guitarist of the stick-skinny **Mick Jagger** variety who seems to do it for the young ladies, but the others are all just kinda... there. They can play their instruments, so I shouldn't complain. I think I just wanted a little more dance with my song, if you know what I mean. The vocals were hard to decipher, but the singer was energetic, which helped make the whole experience that little bit more fulfilling.

I sat as far away from speakers as possible during **Danko Jones**' set. I didn't want to see the man, let alone listen to all of his bullshit. What a waste of time this guy is. He can play a few simple rock riffs, and he wears a big hat. Sounds like solid gold to me! All of his songs are about hot chicks and interracial relationships. Who needs to listen to that crap all night long? I had suffered through his drivel once already, at the boring old **Sloan** show, and I am ashamed that I was there for another one. Danko should have stuck to the Arts County Fair stage, and kept his frat boy fans outta the Brickyard. Oh well, the things we endure for our McDevils fixes...

The Devils made a point not to get too messed up before this show, or so said main man Spencer Moody. Last Brickyard appearance, Moody was falling-down drunk (and not in the usual endearing way), and he forgot more than a few lyrics. This time around, Moody knew what he was doing, and was in a fine frame of mind to enjoy some weird lady who decided she was his girlfriend for the night. Funny stuff, watching drunk girls grab rock star ass in the front room... The band played new material from their soon-to-be-released Sub Pop album, and the songs sounded okay. I was waiting for the hits, and I got them good 'n' plentiful. No one can diss the Devils when they're on, and the fire's flying, and the beer is all around. I erased Danko Jones from memory and had a very rewarding evening.

Julie C.

BOBBY CONN
DESTROYER
JULY FOURTH TOILET
Friday, April 14
The Brickyard

Am I ever kicking myself for missing **July Fourth Toilet**! Not that I'm a total perv or nothing, but the idea of seeing Robert Dayton traipsing around onstage in too-short shorts intrigues me. I saw how the crowd was reacting an hour after the offence, but it would have been nice to see how they coped during the ordeal itself. I've heard that every Toilet show is equally bizarre, in its own special way, and so I will be more prompt in my arrival at the band's next gig.

Even though I missed his band, I knew I would still see plenty of Robert Dayton at the show—this was his night. Robert Dayton is king of the Vancouver freaks, and **Bobby Conn** wears the Chicago crown. The two were destined to be good friends (or, alternately, great rivals, constantly one-upping each other...), and their bands fit together like hand in sticky hand. **Destroyer** was sandwiched between the two oddities, and played a short and somewhat unsatisfying set. Vancouver's current favourite sons played well, but not as well as usual. Destroyer either had an off night, or I wasn't paying close enough attention. It was probably the latter.

I managed to work my way through the normally reclusive scenester crowd to catch the magic of Bobby Conn up close and personal. Conn is a wee little man, and he creeped me out from the get-go. Done up in some sort of ski overalls and a page-boy haircut, he looked straight off the screen in *A Clockwork Orange*. His two companions, a violinist and a record-playing knob-twiddler, were equally as oddly decked out, and they all had stage presences that matched their looks. Conn played songs off of his lat-

GAZA STRIPPERS. PHOTO BY CASEY B.

est EP (the one that really got me going), and a whole bunch of songs I was less familiar with. The energy was very high, and the crowd seemed ready for the magic that Conn brought to town. I, unfortunately, was a little low on energy, and left before the night's end. Seems I missed out on the second bit of male nudity when Robert Dayton pulled Bobby's pants down on stage. Silly boys and their bonding rituals... I walked away from the show content and unscarred. Lucky me.

Julie

THE BEANS
LOWDOWN
THE BIRTHDAY MACHINE
Wednesday, April 19
Sugar Refinery

An outing on a Wednesday night can fall either way. On this one, five lousy bucks would have got you a seat in a cozy joint to see three great bands.

Vancouver quattro **The Birthday Machine** opened things softly, playing their fairly low-key brand of indie-rock that sits somewhere in the space between eerieness and pop—some songs touch on that mood you slip into when traveling by train and manage to stretch you in that same way. Moving and thinking. But, the band's strongest point is their ability to complete these songs with some interesting vocals. Composed of three gals and a guy, the band takes advantage of the opportunity to mix various voices, some of the arrangements featuring a **Versus**-like blend of male and female vocals. Sadly, where these were clearly audible at last month's show, the house speakers delivered a noticeably muddier sound this time around.

Santa Cruz's **Lowdown** were thankfully able to make it to the Great White North on their short race up and down the West Coast. They filled the number two slot with a vibe set to "Dr. Who: The Pinball Game." Their genealogy/inventory: toxic fumes from wood-paneling in basement of *Degrassi* synth-rockers **The Zits** (née **The Zit Remedy**) cause them to spawn evil cyborg twins, one of whom is now programmed to strike drums but, being a cyborg, only in linear, spastic motion trajectory—a nice percussive augmentation to the awful lack that was The Zits. Three Doppelgangers, six different noise-making units worn as unwanted appendages which squeal when disturbed by physical contact. Post-**Goblins**, Pre-**Boredoms**, sketches of **Ween** but not Winkle. Seven-inch at present (procured), full-length in a month. Confused maximalism, stripped minimalism. Scope is narrow, impact is massive. Some fled, others stood. Goddamn, fantastic.

Local sedatives **The Beans** headlined with a lengthy set of swelling, repetitive arrangements that were, as always, downright hypnotic—sources confirm the death toll (number asleep) registered five at the coda of this long lullaby. You can hit and miss with a band that relies on varying degrees of improvisation during their set but, from my seat, this was a fine night for musical chemistry. Notes from the resident piano and the solitary chorus from their rendition of **Neil Young**'s "Like a Hurricane" lingered during the ride home.

Slept well.

Steve DiPo

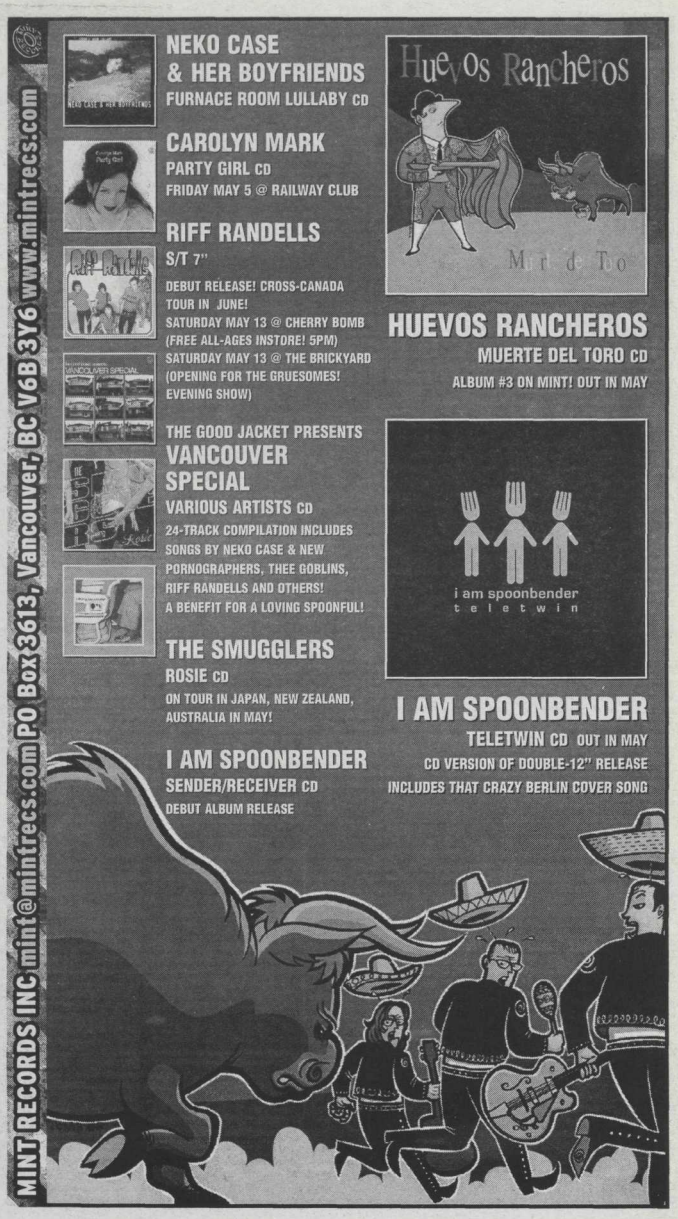
TRISTAN PSIONIC
CROOKED FINGERS
SOUTH PACIFIC
Sunday, April 23
Java Joint

First of all, exactly 12 people attended this show. GREAT job on the publicity for this one! And we wonder why there aren't very many decent all-ages shows in this town? Duh. At any rate, this might well have been the best little show that I've seen in many, many moons. Ottawa's **South Pacific** started off the evening right with their excellent brand of slow, shoegazing rock. Their guitar sound was absolutely incredible, digitally processed by the ten different effects and volume pedals on stage. Swelling, floating minor chords and tasteful dissonance filled the cold air of the room and made the five or so of us who were watching awfully sleepy, but in a good way. Very, very nice. They deserve your ears.

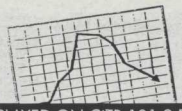
A tall, lanky unkempt vision of the man took the stage next, as the crowd grew to a mighty count of 12. Eric Bachmann, also known as **Crooked Fingers**, made everyone in attendance learn each others' names, and then played songs from his near-perfect self-titled release. Man oh man, despite the poor showing, he delivered the goods. Hamilton's **Tristan Psionic** did a commendable job of backing him up, at times giving him the rock to make a forceful sound not unlike those two Halloween **Archers** shows at the Starfish. But even on his own, Eric is a dynamo. Quickly plucking his guitar strings as if it were a banjo with a thumbpick and his fingers, he shut his eyes, smiled, and sang. Half the time in sad, soulful falsetto, the other time his familiar, raspy-voiced self, Crooked Fingers blew me away.

The final band of the evening was good old Canadian indie rock vets Tristan Psionic. Missing what I recall as a very cute girl bass player, this version of the band was as tight as hell (particularly the drummer, who made me extremely dizzy), and they really impressed me. They played songs that ranged from **Blonde Redhead**-styled post punk to, like, party rock jams. They were a fun band to watch, and didn't take themselves at all seriously, which is something I love to see from an indie rock band. In summary, this was a great evening of music which I am happy to have attended.

Chris C.



CiTR Charts



WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON CiTR 101.9 FM

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "May" charts reflect airplay over April). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts"•

may long vinyl

1	various artists	vancouver special	mint
2	ltj bukem	journey inwards	kinetic
3	kid koala	carpal tunnel syndrome	ninja tune
4	spitfires	in too deep again	junk
5	do make say think	goodbye enemy...	constellation
6	neko case	furnace room lullaby	mint
7	mouse on mars	niun niggung	thrill jockey
8	smugglers	rosie	mint
9	swollen members	balance	battle axe
10	destroyer	thief cave canem/triple crown	
11	piggy	don't stop the calypso	cinnamon toast
12	giant sand	chore of enchantment	thrill jockey
13	yo la tengo	and then nothing...	matador
14	loud	taikoelectric	independent
15	third eye foundation	lost little souls	merge
16	noam chomsky	free market fantasies	alt. tentacles
17	dj cheb i sabbah	maha maya	six degrees
18	arling and cameron	music for imaginary...	emperor norton
19	cave/harvey/clayton	and the ass saw...	mute
20	krust	coded language	talkin' loud
21	gluecifer	get the horn ep	sub pop
22	paul newman	machine is not broken	my pal god
23	tied + tickled trio	ea1 ea2	drag city
24	josh rouse	home	ryko
25	delta 72	000	touch + go
26	cat power	the covers record	matador
27	need	the need is dead	chainsaw
28	animals on wheels	nuvol i cadira	ninja tune
29	plumtree	this day won't last...	endearing
30	d.b.s.	if life were a result...	crap
31	crooked fingers	s/t	sonic unyon
32	dixie's death pool	beauty sleep	independent
33	quadrajets	when the world...	estrus
34	enon	believo!	see thru
35	beachwood sparks	s/t	sub pop

may short vinyl

1	all girl summer fun band	s/t	magic marker
2	v/a	patty duke covers	top quality r'n'r
3	unwound/versus	split	troubleman
4	the spitfires	slick black cat	junk
5	dj a-trak	enter ralph wiggum	stones' throw
6	the real kids	down to you	t.k.o.
7	geoff farina	steely dan	southern
8	the moves	s/t	mr. lady
9	hot hot heat	s/t	ache
10	tremolo falls	s/t	faint
11	smash up derby	blow all the hell!	saxxon virile action
12	the mooney suzuki	s/t	telstar
13	the odd numbers	thrift shoppin'	sessions
14	the vendettas	halloween	worrybird
15	policecate	give us this day	fantastic
16	loudmouths/valentine...	split	empty
17	microphones	moon moon	k
18	radio berlin	heart of industry	reassemblage
19	loose lips	two time loser	t.k.o.
20	the riff randells	s/t	mint

may indie home jobs

1	riff randells	sweet sixteen
2	p:ano	all of november, most of october
3	the birthday machine	the torch
4	the nasty on	lester bangs
5	swank o'hara	no one has a clue but you
6	not for the crowd	luciano
7	thee goblins	golden tokens
8	the radio	crystal blue
9	the metic	je ne sais pas
10	the symphonic ensemble	boxing day blues
11	kid kordene	karosooshka
12	coupon	in their sleep
13	new hedron	heap wonder
14	full sketch	soundtrack
15	hugh phukovsky	jesus loves me
16	reverberators	el perro loco
17	sparrow orange	the orange peeler
18	cathode ray	tempe
19	david lester	the light changed before i could blink
20	belle bete	love stains

top ten things anthony monday enjoys about sundays

1 bicycles
2 the drive
3 hippies
4 god
5 bums
6 sex
7 scrubbing my bathtub
8 jenny
9 lactose intolerance
10 the fact that I've never seen a porno

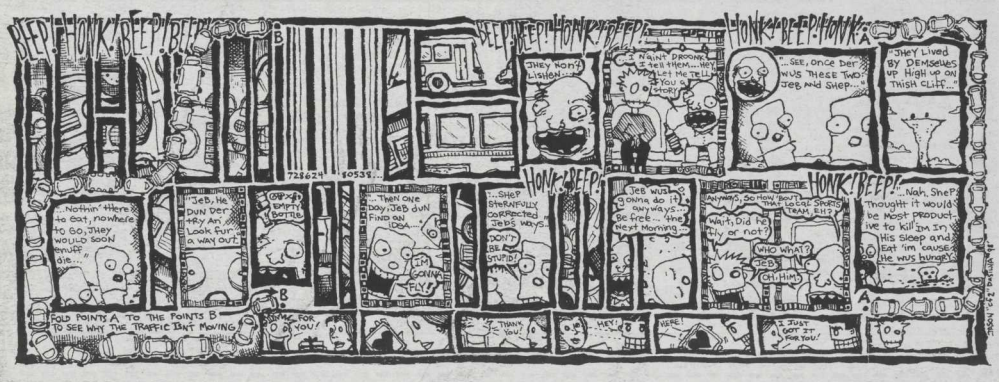
third time's the charm (tuesdays, 9:30-11:30 am)

1	new bomb turks	*nightmare scenario*
2	drags	*set right fit to blow up*
3	the mooney suzuki	*your love is a gentle whip*
4	dwarves	*come clean*
5	v/a	*teenage shutdown* series
6	rocket from the crypt	*all systems go 2*
7	dragons	*live at the casbah*
8	sugar shack	*get out of my world*
9	loudmouths/valentine killers	*7"*
10	the powerpuff girls!	

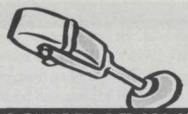
Good Tasty Comic

<jdasilvax@hotmail.com>

by Jason Da Silva



On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CiTR 101.9fm

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans and also Quawwalis, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:30AM Strictly Hip-Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Checkmate, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:30-2:00AM Hip-hop and R&B with DJ Klutch, techno and house with DJ Decter. Lotsa great tracks—come smell what we're cookin'! Stay up late and listen.

VIBE 2:00-6:30AM

MONDAYS

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno and alternative music-porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa"!

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

POP SCENE alt. 11:00-1:00PM

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

SOUPE DU JOUR 1:00-3:00PM Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

A WALKABOUT THE WORLD 3:00-4:00PM

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

BIRDWATCHERS 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports department for their eye on the T-Birds.

FILIBUSTER alt. 6:00-7:30PM

AUDIO VISUAL alt. 6:00-7:30PM Critical theory, debate and dialogue on art and culture, set to a soundtrack of breakbeat, worldbeat and other eclectic sounds.

PIRATE RADIO alt. 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.

EEP-OP-ORP alt. 7:30-9:00PM

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

May 1: Alternate takes from a great Lee Morgan session with Clifford Jordan, Wynton Kelly and Art Blakey.

May 8: *Big Train*: Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra.

May 15: *Straight Ahead* by tenor saxophonist J.R. Monterose.

May 22: *Little Movements* by bassist/composer Eberhard Weber.

May 29: *Grant's First Stand*: guitarist Grant Green's first Blue Note album.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:00AM

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SPORTS SHOW 6:00-8:00AM

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid trash-rock, sleazy surf and pulsatin' punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn with Bryce. Killyaa!!

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

THE SELFISH SHOW 1:00-2:00PM Poetry, piano and pretension.

BELT OUT THE BLUES 2:00-3:30PM Music for families and little people.

HIPS TITS LIPS POWER 3:30-4:30PM Featuring That Feminist Collective from CiTR.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM		SALARIO MINIMO	MORNING SPORTS SHOW	starship edelweiss	first floor sound system	xhaosu at dawn	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	6AM
7	reggae linkup			SUBURBAN JUNGLE	against all odds			7
8		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT			CAUGHT IN THE RED	The SATURDAY EDGE	8
9				Fool's Paradise	Reel Music			9
10	are you serious? music		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	SPIKES MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES	the other table	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE		10
11		girlfood/ pop scene						11
12PM			BLUE MONDAY	STAND AND BE CUNTED	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SARAGAMA	12PM
1	Rockers Show	SOUPE DU JOUR	THE SELFISH SHOW	the shake	STEVE&MIKE			1
2			BELT OUT THE BLUES	radio free Free	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	Black Noise	POWERCHORD	2
3		A WALKABOUT THE WORLD						3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	EVIL VS. GOOD	hips tits lips power	MOTORBRADDY	RHYMES & REASONS	WARTWAR Presents	LUCKY SCRATCH	4
5			THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN					5
6	Chips with Everything /Saint Tropez	BIRDWATCHERS	10,000 VOICES RADIO ACTIVE	RACHEL'S SONG	CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH REELS TO REAL	NOOZE & ARTS	Heresy	6
7	Queer FM	FILIBUSTER/ AUDIO VISUAL	FLEX YOUR HEAD	rachel's song	OUT FOR KICKS	FarEastSide Sounds /AFRICAN RHYTHMS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	7
8		pirate radio/ eep-op-orp	RADIO ILLINIKATHIKO	AND SOMETIMES WHY/ BY THE WAY/ REPLICA REJECT	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR			8
9	HELLO INDIA		LA BOMBA				Synoptic Sandwich	9
10	GEETANJALI	THE JAZZ SHOW		YOLK OASIS	Live from... THUNDERBIRD HELL	homebase		10
11	The Show		VENUS FLYTRAP/ WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES/ moods, grooves and explorations		SOUL TREE/ pipedreams	11
12AM								12AM
1	CHILL-OUT ROOM	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	Aural Tentacles	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		SHITMIX	TABLETURNZ /EARWAX	1
2								2
3								3
4	vibe	psychedelic airwaves	WEST COAST POPPIN'	first floor sound system	plutonian nights	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW		4
5							REGGAE LINKUP	5
6								6

24 may 2000

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM

10,000 VOICES 5:00-5:00PM Poetry, spoken word, preformances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.

LA BOMBA 9:00-10:00PM Spanish music and talk.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, etc.

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM loveden@hotmail.com

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-3:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEST COAST POPPIN' 3:00-6:00AM 100% West Coast rap. Huge giveaways, with your host like no other Shawn Powers.

WEDNESDAYS

STARSHIP EDELWEISS 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 12:00-1:00PM DJ Hancunt urges women to get down with their cunts while listening to women in jazz, funk, rap, soul, world beat, disco and beyond.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

FREE RADIO PRESS 2:00-3:00PM 'Zines are dead! Long live the 'zine show! Sam and Bleek present the underground press with articles from 'zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy. repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-7:30PM Info on health and the environment, consumption and sustainability in the urban context, plus the latest techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Hosted by M-Path.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinney, low, sushi ... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things.

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Independent and innovative music and noise from an ex-host of Little Twin Stars.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Let's give aternative media a chance-VIVA VINYL! 7"s new and old, local cassettes and demos.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM The rootsy-worldbeat-bluegrass-polka-alt.country-cajun-conjunto show that dares call itself folk. And singer-songwriters too.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAYS

AGAINST ALL ODDS 6:30-8:30AM

REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM Soundtracks and classical.

THE ETHER TABLE 10:00-11:30AM

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix oh yeah and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH 5:00-5:30PM

REELS TO REEL 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock 'n' roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

MOODS, GROOVES AND EXPLORATIONS alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitchc with guest DJs and performers. sine.ranch.org/pluto

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM E-mail requests to djska_t@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice and A.V. Shack bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funktified, sample heavy beatlain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

BLACK NOISE 2:00-3:30PM Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Nardo interviews the stars. Have a good lunch!

NOOZE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

SHITMIX alt 12:00-3:00AM The Shitmix council convenes weekly. Chairman: Jamaal. Correspondents: DJ Marr, the delicious yet nutritious Erin, D.C. Cohen, the Rev. Dr. K Edward Johnson and Wine-Jug Hutton.

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-6:00AM

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.8-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SAREGAMA 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna, Jim and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

TABLETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out. —Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Radio Ellinikathiko

Your Greek music connection

every Tuesday evening 8-9 p.m.

Ράδιο Ελληνικάδικο

Ελληνική μουσική

κάθε Τρίτη το βράδυ 8-9 μ.μ.

CiTR

101.9 fM

ASIAN HERITAGE MONTH

Thursday May 18th, 2000

From 6:00PM-Midnight

interviews

panel discussion

features

readings

live performances at 10:00

CiTR 101.9FM

Datebook

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MAY

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!
TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE JUNE ISSUE IS MAY 26TH!

FRI APRIL 28 Los Habanaros@Purple Onion; May Day Cabaret@Britannia Community Centre (7pm)
SAT 29 Deep Dish@Commodore; Superchauch@Purple Onion; May Day Celebration of Solidarity (feat.Shango Ashe, Solidarity Singers Choir)@Maritime Labour Centre (6:30pm)
SUN 30 4Play@Purple Onion
MON MAY 1 The Corporation@Purple Onion; Carnival Against Capitalism May Day 2000@Victory Square (10am sharp!)
TUE 2 Women in Trades Cabaret: *Hammering It Out*@Blinding Light!!
WED 3 spygirl@Jazz Cellar; Slipknot@Commodore; New Electric Riot, Clover Honey, The Cinch@Brickyard; *Norma Rae*@Blinding Light!!
THU 4 Czerwone Giatary@Richards; Violent Femmes@Commodore; Stone Escher, The 9:45, Furios@Brickyard; *Proje(c)t Y*@Blinding Light!!
FRI 5 Carolyn Mark, Rich Hope@Railway; **CiTR PRESENTS SHAGGY@Commodore**; *The Ad and the Ego*@Blinding Light; Supersift@Java Joint; Slam City Jam@Pacific Coliseum; Alita Dupray@Jazz Cellar; New Wave-Aoke, Another Joe@Brickyard
SAT 6 The Makers, Come Ons, Riff Randells@Brickyard; *The Ad and the Ego*@Blinding Light; Slam City Jam@Pacific Coliseum; Bughouse Five, Rocket Fins@Pic Pub; Bunco & Single Mart Quarter@Jazz Cellar
SUN 7 *The Ad and the Ego*@Blinding Light; Slam City Jam@Pacific Coliseum
MON 8 Hush Grrls Hush@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; Sue Garner, Rick Brown@Brickyard
TUE 9 Rollins Band@Commodore; *WTO Resistence*@Blinding Light!!
WED 10 Parlour Steps, Max Serpentini (WAVAW benefit)@Jazz Cellar, Selassie I Power, Smaqu-2, The Instrumen@Brickyard; *Voices From the Front Lines*@Blinding Light!!
THU 11 The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets; Furnaceface@Brickyard; Victorian Pork, The Probes, The Excessives, Chi, Sidesixtyseven (New Music West)@Columbia; *Emperor Tomato Ketchup*@Blinding Light!!
FRI 12 Punk 'n' Queer featuring Tribe 8, Che: Chapter 127, Revulva@Cultch; Plumtree, Salteens@Java Joint; Christine Fellows@Kordova (New Music West); Limblifter, Veal, DSK, Templar, Default (New Music West)@Commodore; Strong Like Tractor, Koark, Following Horus, Slot 9, Gracie (New Music West)@Columbia; Bob Murphy Trio@Jazz Cellar; Flashing Lights, Rosenbergs, Mountain Con, Dirtmitts, Morning Maker@Brickyard; *Sleep*@Blinding Light!!
SAT 13 The The@Commodore; Endearing Showcase (feat. B'ehl, Plumtree, Salteens, Vancouver Nights, Porter Hall)@Marine Club; All State Champion, September, Holden, Ivan Dury, Dave Dondaro@Java Joint; G.R.A.V.E.L., Freak, Tractor, Left, Warjunk (New Music West)@Columbia; Bunco & Single Malt Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Gruesomes, Riff Randells, Siobhan Duvall, Hissy Fit@Brickyard; Sleep@*Blinding Light!!*
SUN 14 Queens of the Stone Age, Eleven@Starfish; B'ehl, Porter Hall@Java Joint; *Father Roy*@Blinding Light!!
MON 15
TUE 16 Kittie@Starfish; Vancouver Nights@Railway; 3 Doors Down@Richard's
WED 17 Melvins, Get Hustle@Commodore; Christine Fellows@Railway; Rapture, Hot Hot Heat, Nasty On@Brickyard; El Vez@Starfish Room; *My Son the Tattoo Artist, Target Shoots First*@Blinding Light!!
THU 18 Deltoros, Old Ripper, Bad Apple@Brickyard; BYO8@Blinding Light!!
FRI 19 *The Blvd.*@Blinding Light!!
SAT 20 *Str8 Outta Jullundhar* presents "Nach Baby Nach"@Commodore; Joe Satriani@Vogue; *The Blvd.*@Blinding Light!!
SUN 21 *Narcoleptic Videographer*@Blinding Light!!
MON 22 DJ Food, Kid Koala@Commodore
TUE 23 SUPER SUPER B 2000@Blinding Light!!
WED 24 Boss Hog, Holly Golightly, The Need@Showbox (Seattle); Bottom, Surrounded by Idiots, Dollar Store Jesus@Brickyard; New (Cine) Works I+II@Blinding Light!!
THU 25 SFU Pipe Band@ Commodore; Jack Tripper@Anza Club; Lowbrow 2000 Art Opening (feat. Sinforosa, Coal)@Brickyard
FRI 26 Plumtree, Salteens@Railway; Tight Bros. from Way Back When, Tennessee Twin, Come-ons@Java Joint; Jack Tripper@Anza Club; Smalls@Commodore; Alita Dupray@Jazz Cellar
SAT 27 April Wine@Commodore; Burden, Champion, Just Short of Living, Face Tomorrow, Frontline@Java Joint; Woggles@Pic Pub; Dragons, Spitfires, Probes@Brickyard
SUN 28 Good Clean Fun, Reserve 34, Life Preserver, Def Poets Society@Java Joint
MON 29 Supergrass@Commodore; Motorhead, Nashville Pussy, Fu Manchu, Speedealer@Showbox (Seattle); Punk-O-Rama (feat. Dropkick Murphys, Bouncing Souls, Dwarves, Distillers)@Croatian Cultural Centre
TUES 30 *Paying the Price, Strong Jamaicans*@Blinding Light!!
WED 31 Motorhead@Commodore; *Dockers Writing the Wrongs*@Blinding Light!!

SPECIAL EVENTS

HUSH GRRLS HUSH

A PART OF THE MAYWORKS 12TH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF WORKING CLASS CULTURE & POLITICS. GO TO THE CLUTCH ON MAY 8TH AT 7PM FOR AN ALL-AGES CELEBRATION OF WOMYN'S WORK AND ART. VIDEOS TO BE SHOWN INCLUDE *LIVE NUDE GIRLS UNITE, DIRTY FINGERNAILS,* AND *MY FEET AND FREEDOM FROM THE INSIDE OUT.* ALSO: PERFORMANCES BY THE RICE GIRLS, CUNT, MARY SUE BELL, GRRLS CHOIR-PUNK CHOIR, PLUS SPOKEN WORD AND THEATRICAL IMPROV. FOR INFORMATION ON THIS AND OTHER MAYWORKS EVENTS, CHECK OUT WWW.TAO.CA/~MAYWORKS OR CALL 683.7123.

PUNK & QUEER: A NIGHT OF QUEERCORE

A PART OF BOTH YOUTH WEEK 2000 AND NEW MUSIC WEST, THIS SHOWCASE WILL FEATURE TRIBE 8, CHE: CHAPTER 127 AND REVULVA, PLUS SPOKEN WORD, MOVIES, A DRAG KING SHOW, DRUM PERFORMANCES AND MORE. IT'S ALL-AGES (YAY!), MAY 12TH AT THE VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE. SHOW STARTS AT 7:30 PM.

LOWBROW 2000

AN EXHIBIT AT THE BRICKYARD WITH MANWOMAN AS THE FEATURED ARTIST. THE RECEPTION, ON MAY 25TH, WILL FEATURE MUSIC BY SEATTLE'S SINFOROSA AND VANCOUVER'S OWN COAL. IT STARTS AT 8:00 PM. CALL 685.3922 FOR INFO.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 11TH ANNIVERSARY

CITR 101.9FM'S OWN *FLEX YOUR HEAD* PRESENTS THEIR ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY WEEKEND AT THE JAVA JOINT IN SURREY. ON THE 27TH: BURDEN, CHAMPION, JUST SHORT OF LIVING, FACE TOMORROW AND FRONTLINE; ON THE 28TH: GOOD CLEAN FUN, RESERVE 34, LIFE PRESERVER AND DEF POETS SOCIETY. EACH SHOW IS $5. CALL 588-JAVA.

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Café 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown)	683 7200
Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128
Arts Hotline	684 2787
Astoria Hotel 769 E. Hastings St.	254 3636
Bassix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie)	689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St.	873 6958
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald)	732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St.	878 3366
Boomtown #102-1252 Burrard (at Davie)	893 8696
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St.	685 3978
Café Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cambie 515 Seymour	684 7757
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard)	689 3180
Cellar Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs)	738 1959
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)	669 0806
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC)	
CiTR Radio 101.9FM 233-6138 SUB Blvd. (UBC)	822-3017
Club Vesuvius 1176 Granville St. (downtown)	688 8701
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place	682 4629
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)	683 3757
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall)	681 1531
CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St.	682 5345
Cordova Café 307 Cordova St. (Gastown)	683 5637
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial Dr. (at 17th)	879 0154
Crosstown Music 518 W. Pender St.	683 8774
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End)	683 2201
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St.	662 3207
DV8 515 Davie St. (downtown)	682 4388
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th)	734 7469
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
F.W.U.H. Beatty 552 Beatty St. (downtown)	687 7464
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)	822 2678
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown)	822 9364
The Good Jacket 225 E. Broadway (at Main)	872 5665
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant)	322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant)	873 4131
Hush Records 221 Abbott St.	662 7017
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)	224 8007
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St)	606 6665
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)	251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott St. (Gastown)	685 7777
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour St. (downtown)	685 3288
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway	
Minoru Pavillion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond)	
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. (Gastown)	608 0913
Naam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano)	738 7151
Neptoon Records 5750 Fraser St.	324 1229
Orpheum Theatre Smithe & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinémathèque 1131 Howe (downtown)	688 3456
Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New Westminster)	525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)	682 3221
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Puff/Beatstreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.)	708 9804
Puff #14-712 Robson (at Granville)	684 PUFF
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown)	602 9442
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia	665 3050
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)	473 1593
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)	685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour)	681 1625
Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown)	687 6794
Ride On 2255 W. Broadway; 2-712 Robson St. (upstairs)	738-7734
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus St. (at 16th)	738 6311
Scrape Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main)	877 1676
Scratch Records 726 Richards St.	687 0499
Seylynn Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van)	
Shadbolt Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)	291 6864
Singles Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th)	876 9233
Sonar 66 Water St. (Gastown)	683 6695
Starfish Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End)	689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)	688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown)	683 2004
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)	681 8915
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)	988 2473
Tribeca 536 Seymour	688 8385
Tru Valu Vintage Robson (downstairs)	685 5403
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)	254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	876 4165
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)	738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)	222 2235
Vert/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown)	872 2999
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	872 8337
Vinyl Rekkids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown)	689 3326
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave (near Main)	876 9343
Wett Bar 1320 Richards (downtown)	230 6278
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main)	874 4687
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	732 4128
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	738 3232

cb may 2000

who the @#%&! is 58?

58

58 IS EQUAL PARTS POP, GLAM, HIP HOP, ROCK, FUNK, AND A CAR CRASH

NIKKI SIXX - founding member of Motley Crue
DAVE DARLING - former Boxing Ghandis/producer (Meredith Brooks)
STEVE GIBB - singer-guitarist the son of the Bee Gees' Barry Gibb
"BUCKET" BAKER - drums, top studio percussionist

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ANDRE WILLIAMS THE BLACK GODFATHER CD/LP

New Years 2000, the scene is set: the legendary lord of lascivioussness, the baron of 'balls-out' lewdness, a true man of action — **ANDRE WILLIAMS** descends upon downtown's Penthouse cabaret for an evening rock action. Fermenting from the scummy sediment of that tight evening, **WILLIAMS**, the Black Godfather, checks into a recording studio and begins the process of interpreting his live bustin' blues magic. Calls are placed, guests include **Lux Interior**, **Poison Ivy**, **John Sinclair**, and **Steve Mackay**. This is what the **Blues Explosion** would sound like if they stick it out for another 30 years! Come and get it. AVAILABLE MAY 9th

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

GREEN ROOM CONNECT CD

The Northwest's premiere 6 piece future funk collective arrive in style with this 9 track sophomore release loaded with smooth flowing sounds that pit their live acid jazz forms with a nice hybrid of DJ beats and remixology. This, their first release for the local Mo' Funk record label, should please any funk purists, as well as those clubber's looking for the new dish to shake their rump! Stop by, pop on some headphones and sink into the **GREEN ROOM**.

CD 16.98

CALEXICO HOT RAIL CD/LP

'Seco'...Spanish for dry. The first time I said the word was when I ordered a Gin Martini at the Covertino Hotel. The next time was when I found myself disoriented and lost in the sands of the desert. Everyone's favourite desert rockers return to up the ante on their already stunning work on the last **Giant Sand** record. Pulling some new influences from their bag of tricks, **Joey Burns** and **John Covertino** weave a little **Serge Gainsbourg** sexiness, **Lee Hazlewood** introspection, and **Scott Walker**-esque mysticism into their already burgeoning tapestry of mariachi infused folk-jazz! Recommended. AVAILABLE MAY 9th

CD/LP 16.98

RACHEL'S/ MATMOS FULL ON NIGHT CD/LP

Although it seems like the promise of aesthetic postmodernism is quickly drying up into highly segmented formalism, sometimes a good attempt is made to "prove the promise" just the same. In the case of this **MATMOS** and **RACHEL'S** collaboration, the result is smart eclecticism that doesn't just revel in shallow hybridisation or stylistic pastiche. Individually recognised for the calibre of their work, this joint project takes off in several directions at once. However, rather than just "remixing" or "covering", an attempt is made instead to develop an engaging synthesis that doesn't necessarily depend on accumulated brand recognition, so to speak. Give it a try.

AVAILABLE MAY 9th

CD/LP 14.98

SLEATER KINNEY ALL HANDS ON THE BAD ONE CD/LP

After numerous side-project releases from the good people in **SLEATER KINNEY**, **Janet**, **Corin**, and **Carrie** return to work under the banner of what some have called 'the last important indie band' on the planet. Sounds pretty heavy...well it's not. **SLEATER KINNEY** shrug off expectations and return to the rock with a jubilant, playful and rewarding vision. A confident record with upbeat summertime pop written all over it.... We cheer on!

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

REGGIE & THE FULL EFFECT PROMOTIONAL COPY CD/LP

The spasmodic pop incarnation of none other than **The Get Up Kids**, **Reggi & The Full Effect** already have one secretive release under their belt. And we figure that by the time folks hear this sophomore effort, the double-duty rockers will be so busy that they may in fact have to clone themselves. I don't think any pop bands have actually cloned themselves yet...have they? Most certainly not!! **Reggi & The Full Effect** — today's pristine romantic emo-pop (rather than emo-rock!), the perfect sounds for indie-rockers into Ouija board parties. Pop the question...

CD/LP 16.98

INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY SURVIVAL SICKNESS CD

Vintage clothes-closet revolutionary swagger with black dyed straight-legged sixties style. Keep it neat cause old noise is new again. The overall tone is rocked-out fuzz, up-tempo and cool, but the underlying message would make **Guy Debord** blush (perhaps with both pride and embarrassment). Nowadays folks don't bother to look under the pavement for possible praxis, but instead dig further back into their record collections. Is this good enough? Is it possible to have irony and passion? How about politics and whimsy? Who cares? It's time to party for your right to fight. Here it comes. AVAILABLE MAY 9th

CD 16.98

HUEVOS RANCHEROS MUERTE DEL TORO CD

Brent, **Richie** and **Tom** are all close friends. **HUEVOS RANCHEROS** is their full-time passion, but in their spare time they all enjoy very ordinary hobbies and interests. Staying sharp, the **HUEVOS** like to relax and 'hang-out' with friends, but always concentrate on music. They keep their musical instruments in tip-top shape, and make sure that the Fargo touring van is in mint running order. Together they've driven it all over North America, most recently 'supporting' **Reverend Horton Heat**. When they perform, its called a 'gig' and the audience reaction creates enough heat energy to run a small generator easily capable of powering all the lights in Las Vegas for over a year!!

CD 14.98

RAY CONDO HIGH AND DRY CD

The magic jug swung around the room, buoyed by restless hands of those assembled to see a then unknown Mr. **RAY CONDO** on his way. "Good Singers go to Nashville Ray"... Nah Walter...a singer's nothing without a band, and for this band to be great I'm going to march 'em into every off-main street tavern in North America. I'm going to make a list and start at the top, make my way down and then catch my shadow coming back up again. Ain't no stage gonna be a stranger to the **RAY CONDO BAND!**" — now a legend, **CONDO** returns with his raucous, swooping, fiery blend of rockabilly, swing, western swing and jazz, played with fire and joy!!! Does he have his own glass at the Railway?

CD 16.98

VARIOUS ARTISTS TAKE ME HOME — JOHN DENVER TRIBUTE CD

Personally overseen by **Red House Painters** songwriter **Mark Kozelek**, this varied tribute record collects the recordings of **Will Oldham**, **Low**, **Tarnation**, **Rachel Haden** (**That Dog**), amongst others. With a stark spacey melancholic feel, **Kozelek's** own contributions — including collaborations with members of **Mojave 3/Slowdive** — cap this tender 'let's stay in bed and listen to music' kinda record. Slipping in and out sleep, these tranquil songs offer many rewarding listens, as they seep into one's consciousness through the filtered haze of this bed-in existence.

CD 16.98

TRANS AM YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT CD

Cheekily titled, this great Thrill Jockey release should send **TRANS AM** fans into joyful conniptions as the word 'reissue' is no more the amen of just long-time **Kinks** and **Yardbirds** fanatics. Featuring a hodge podge of tracks from long out of print 7" and 12" vinyl releases, most folks could only get this stuff via mail order, or of course, after a lengthy trek to one of their legendary 'non-Vancouver' stage performances. Comprehensive sonic surgery, this oddball track gathering sutures the gaps between their enigmatic full length releases!

CD 16.98

I AM SPOONBENDER TELETWIN CD

Since late '97, **Robynn** ex of **cub** has been involved in one of modern music's more interesting groups and unofficial leaders of the American Op-Wave scene. Originally released on double-12", **Teletwin** is the follow-up to last year's **Sender/Receiver**, and showcases **I AM SPOONBENDER**'s filmic sounds, beats and textures. **Teletwin** also features a reworking of **Berlin**'s new wave pop classic, here named "Where Do Words Go!" AVAILABLE MAY 9th

CD 14.98

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL MAY 31st, 2000

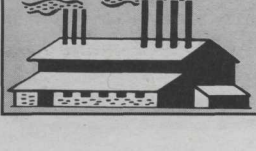
Music for the Midnight Shift

CHICAGO UNDERGROUND DUO- SYNESTHESIA CD/LP Clearly the 'future sound of jazz' has many interpretations... horns, moogs, electro-acoustics and more.

BECK- MIDNIGHT VULTURES LP This record sounds even better on wax

BEDHEAD/MACHA- MACHA LOVED BEDHEAD LOVED MACHA CDEP Somnambulistic waltzes and space rock ballads...A Zulu favorite returns.

OF MONTREAL- HORSE & ELEPHANT EATERY LP Their limited edition 7" compilation...a true treasure chest.



DEL THE FUNKY HOMOSAPIEN- BOTH SIDES OF THE BRAIN CD/LP Prince Paul gathers up Del with help from members of Company Flow, Souls of Mischief and other Hieroglyphics friends.

THE SPINANES- IMP YEARS CDEP A rosetta stone release...super early out-of-print material!

KID KOALA- EMPEROR'S MAIN COURSE IN CANTONESE 10" More vinyl heroics from this loveable DJ.

AMON TOBIN- SLOWLY 10" Another appetiser....new album "Supermodified" mid-month.

APPLES IN STEREO- THE DISCOVERY OF A WORLD... CD How will they respond to the sublime beauty of that last Beachwood Sparks record?

BUST MAGAZINE- We don't do shout-outs for mags...why not?

WILD PLANET- VARIOUS ARTISTS CD cEvin key's assembled collection of subconscious communications

COMING MAY 16TH... BELLE AND SEBASTIAN- LEGAL MAN CDEP/12"/7" Pick your format...different tracks on them all.

ZULU TOP 10:

Have some fun and decipher this recap of recent faves...
Answers to the right!!

1. Seattle cowgirl with a penchant for George Jones & Patsy Cline.
2. Two words: first- James Dean classic, second- something you find at the beach.
3. Fill in the blanks. Sonic Youth is to Free Kitten, as Bikini Kill is to _____.
4. What Spanish speaking outfielders say when they've got the pop fly.
5. "We're definitely not a Kiss tribute band".
6. Four verbs = Toronto's best post-rock.
7. Feline Hegemony!
8. Slang for Lotus band bungalows.
9. So humble that elephants are afraid of it.
10. Crack your flint to this washed-up fuel source.

ANSWERS:
Lullabies
1. Mike Clink- Famous Room
2. Saint Sand- Cloak of Excitement
3. Le Tigre- Sit
4. Yo La Tengo- And then Nothing Turned Itself...
5. Destroyer- Thief
6. Do Make Say Think- Goodbye Blue Monday.
7. Cat Power- The Covers Record
8. Uranium- Vancouver Special
9. Mustard Plaster- Barking Sonnenberg
10. Backroom Gypsies- Sit

P.S... CHECK OUT OUR OLD LOCATION AT 1869 WEST 4TH AVE FOR ADDITIONAL CD & VINYL BARGAINS!

ZULU RECORDS

1972 W 4th Ave,
Vancouver, BC
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